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BEING remarkably deformed in my perſon, which gives riſe ſometimes to many an odd thought, I am diſpoſed to try whether I cannot, with ſome aſſiſtance, turn that into a ſubject of amuſement to my readers.

It is offenſive for a man to ſpeak much of himſelf, and few can do it with ſo good a grace as Montaigne. I wiſh I could. My ſubject, however, will be my apology, and I am ſure it will draw no *envy* upon me. Bodily deformity is viſible to every eye; but the effects of it are known to very few, intimately known to none but thoſe who feel them, and they ſeldom are inclined to reveal them.

The late ingenious Mr Hay, member for Seaford in Suſſex, who ſerved his country faithfully in ſeveral parliaments, and had as upright a mind as ever was lodged in a crooked body, has treated this ſubject very ingeniouſly and very extenſively; and while I am borrowing ſo largely from ſuch an elegant writer, it would be very unfair not to own that I am indebted to him for moſt of the entertaining paſſages in the courſe of this eſſay, which would not have appeared at all, but that he has interrupted his with a variety of epiſodes and digreſſions, which, though very well in themſelves, carry it to too great length to be recollected in the memory; to which I will add that this mode of publication will convey his thoughts upon the ſubject more generally.

"Longinus ſays, that Cæcilius wrote of the ſublime in a low way: on the contrary, Mr Pope calls Longinus "the great ſublime he draws." Be it my ambition then to imitate Longinus in ſtyle and ſentiment, to make theſe a contraſt to my ſubject, to write of deformity with beauty, and endeavour to atone, by a well written piece, for an ill-ſhaped perſon.

If the reader wiſhes me to give him a delineation of my outward figure, I will briefly tell him, that I am about four feet ſix inches high; that my back very much reſembles that given us for Æſop, which therefore any child will gueſs; that my head is half buried between my ſhoulders; that one of my legs is ſhorter by two inches than the other, and that they are both, to all appearance, ſo ſlim as to ſeem ſcarce ſufficient to ſupport my body. Whoever has ſeen Richard III. upon the ſtage, Mr Pope, Monſieur Scarron, or the late prince of Orange, may with very little difficulty gueſs at my figure. This deformity in my perſon however has never once occaſioned me to murmur againſt providence, on account of my ill luck in a lottery where there are ſo many prizes to a blank; on the contrary, I make it a matter of ſpeculation rather than concern, and view it in a philoſophical not a prejudicial light, which may be of uſe to perſons ſo oddly (I will not ſay unhappily) diſtinguiſhed, and perhaps not wholly unentertaining to others.

It is eaſy to conceive, that as my body is faſhioned, it is but little able to perform many of its functions. Scarron invented an engine to take off his hat; and I wiſh I could contrive one to hang mine up, or to buckle my ſhoes; for I can bend my body no otherwiſe than as it is bent by nature. For this reaſon when a lady drops a fan, or glove, I am not the firſt to pick it up, and am obliged to reſtrain my inclination from doing thoſe little offices, rather than expoſe my ſpider-like ſhape. Nor ſhould it be thought pride if I do not always riſe from my ſeat when I ought; if it is low, I find a great deal of trouble in it, and my center of gravity lying behind rather than before, I am in fear of falling back. Things hanging within the reach of others, are out of mine, and what ſeveral can do with eaſe, I want ſtrength to manage. Crouds I avoid as much as I can, for fear of being ſtifled in them, where my back would only ſerve as a lodgment for the elbow of any tall fellow that might be near me; and therefore I often deny myſelf ſome entertainments rather than venture in one, knowing how unequal I am to ſtruggle in it; and if any ſudden quarrel ſhould ariſe, what a deſperate chance I ſhould ſtand in the encounter. One ſtroke from the arm of any very ſtout fellow would immediately conſign me over to Charon; beſides, I could never be able to ſee any thing when my whole employment would be to guard my perſon. Theſe and many other inconveniencies continually attend a figure like mine: they may appear grievous to perſons not uſed to them, but they grow eaſier by habit, and though they will ſometimes a little diſturb, they are not ſufficient to deſtroy, the comforts of life, of which, upon an average, I have enjoyed as great a ſhare as moſt men; and perhaps one proof of it is the compoſing this eſſay, not intended as a complaint againſt providence, but as an innocent amuſement to myſelf and others.

No poſt, however eminent, can redeem a deformed perſon from contempt; it attends him like his own ſhadow, and, like that too, is ever reminding him of his ill-figure. Unmerited reflections thrown out againſt a man's perſon are hard of digeſtion—but I never received any affront on this point from any gentleman I ever knew, or from one who deſerved that name. I ſhould be a churl indeed, if I was to reſent any little pleaſantry of a friend, which is rather an inſtance of kindneſs and affection: and ſhould be unfit to ſit at table with him, ſhould I reſent his congratulations on my emerging from the eclipſe of a large ſurloin of beef or bowl of punch that ſtood between us. But the ſcene changes quickly when I get into a mob, where inſolence riſes in proportion as the man ſinks in condition, and where I can ſcarce ſtir a ſtep without an affront. But I am unmoved with that ſcurrility which uſed to affect me when I was younger. Their calling me *Lord*, is a title I never much valued, and now intirely deſpiſe, and yet they will force it upon me as an honour which they have a right to beſtow, and which I have none to refuſe. This abuſe is grown into ſuch a habit, that an Iriſh chairman often uſes it when he aſks me to take a chair, and ſometimes a beggar when he aſks an alms.

Men naturally deſpiſe what appears leſs beautiful or uſeful, and their pride is gratified by ſeeing ſuch foils to their own perſons. It is this ſenſe of ſuperiority which is teſtified by laughter in the lower ſort, while their betters, who know how little any man has to boaſt of, are reſtrained by good breeding and good-manners, from offering ſuch an inſult. This difference of behaviour towards me hath given me the ſtrongeſt idea of the force of education, and taught me to ſet a right value upon it. It is certainly the ſtamp of a man's character, it diſtinguiſhes the baſe from the valuable metal, and is the barrier between the mob and the civilized part of mankind. This uſage hath alſo been of advantage to me, for it hath made me fly (like Horace) from the vulgar to the company of my ſuperiors, where I am ſure to be eaſy, and though I want qualities to recommend me, I cannot ſay I was ever ill received by them.

I never appear ſo little in my own eyes, as when I am walking on the ſide of captain A. between two rows of his grenadiers, made ſtill taller by their caps; and cannot but inwardly grieve, that while I have the ſame inclination to ſerve my country and prince, I want ſtrength to perform it. There are many other great and tall men with whom I think it an honour to converſe, and though their eyes are placed in a much higher parallel, they take care never to overlook me, and are always concerned if by chance they happen to ſtrike my hat with their

elbow. When ſtanding or walking, indeed, we find ſome difficulty in the converſation, for they are obliged to ſtoop down as in ſearch of a pin, while I am looking up as if I was gazing at a ſtar: and I own I ſometimes uſe a little policy, that the difference may not ſeem ſo very remarkable.

I will now conſider, briefly, what influence deformity has upon the health and fortune of the perſon who is ſo, and laſtly what turn it gives to the mind. Many may ſuppoſe that the outward form being irregular, the inward parts cannot be ſo well diſpoſed to perform their functions, and that therefore deformed perſons cannot be long-lived. But this is a queſtion beſt determined by facts: Æſop was not young when he died, and he might have lived longer, if he had not been murdered at Delphi: the duke of Luxemburg lived to be ſixty-ſeven: the lord treaſurer Burleigh reached ſeventy-eight: Mr Pope's father, it is ſaid, was deformed, and he was ſeventy-five when he died: My father was not deformed, but active, and my mother a celebrated beauty, and yet I have outlived them both, and daily ſee many amongſt my friends and acquaintances quitting the ſtage before me. As a deformed perſon is not made for violent exerciſe, he is leſs liable to ſuch diſorders as are the natural conſequence of it, and will eſcape many accidents to which men of athletic make, who glory in their ſtrength, ſo frequently expoſe themſelves to, to make proof of it. He will not be the man that ſhall ride from London to York in a day, or to Windſor in an hour, for a wager, or taking ſurpriſing jumps, or running ſurpriſing lengths in a little time, for little purpoſe but the pleaſure of relating them. Nature, too, calls on deformed perſons to be very careful not to offer ſuch affronts as may call them into the field of falſe honour, where they cannot ſo well acquit themſelves for want of ſtrength and agility; and the want of theſe produces another care, I mean of their health; for having but little ſtrength, they are more temperate in their way of living, to preſerve it. On the whole, I conclude that deformity is a protection to a man's health and perſon, which (ſtrange as it may appear) is better defended by feebleneſs than ſtrength.

I will now conſider what influence deformity has upon a man's fortune. Among the lower claſs he is cut off from many profeſſions and employments. He cannot be a ſoldier, he is under the ſtandard; he cannot be a ſailor, he wants activity to climb the rigging; he cannot be a chairman or a porter, he wants ſtrength to bear the burden. In higher life he is ill qualified for a lawyer, he can ſcarce be ſeen over the bar; and for a divine, for he may drop from his kaſſock out of ſight in his pulpit. The improvement of his *mind*, then, is his proper province. He cannot be a dancing-maſter, to adjuſt the heels; but he may be a ſchool-maſter, to inſtruct the head; he cannot make a graceful actor, but he may write a good play; he cannot undergo the fatigue of a campaign, but may adviſe the operations of it, and may grow famous by only relating thoſe exploits which are out of his power to imitate. Upon the whole, then, deformity is ſome obſtruction to a man's advancement in the world, but an advantage in reſtraining his fondneſs for it.

We will now, in the laſt place, conſider what turn it gives to the mind. It is highly neceſſary that a deformed perſon ſhould be upon his guard againſt every frailty of mind, and that the outward frame do not diſtort the ſoul. Juvenal prayed for a ſound mind in a healthy body; and every deformed perſon ſhould pray for an upright mind in a crooked one; for if beauty adds grace to virtue, vice muſt be doubly hideous in deformity. It ſometimes happens, that perſons with whom I have a ſlight acquaintance will take notice of me on ſome days, and overlook me on others, well knowing that they ought to treat one of my ſhape with that preciſe degree of ceremony which ſuits their preſent humour. I will not ſay this is a pleaſure; but I can truly ſay it is no mortification. It excites no reſentment in me, but ſpeculation only; and I conſider with myſelf what can make them of ſuch particular importance to themſelves at that period—and aſk myſelf queſtions of this ſort: Is his father dead? Has he written a play? Has he dined with my lord mayor? Has he gotten a new equipage or title? Is he going to marry a fortune? and others of the ſame nature; and though I am a perſon of no great penetration, I ſometimes hit on the right cauſe.

To conclude—when I die, I care not what becomes of the contemptible carcaſe that is the ſubject of this eſſay. Death, which brings us all to a level, is to me an object of no fear; in the mean

time it may be uſeful for me and all of us, to engage ourſelves in concerns proper and becoming rational creatures, and this, doubtleſs, will diſarm him of his ſting when he approaches, and make our latter end eaſy, tranquil, and hopeful.

EXPERIENCE. *A* TALE. [P. 260.]

THIS was not all. A man loaded with favours, and intoxicated with love, has need of a confidant. There was no difficulty in finding ſuch a perſon, but the imbarraſſment conſiſted in the choice. But a man, or rather an angel incarnate upon earth, fixed the fluctuations of Jeronimo. *An angel!* do you ſay? Yes, and ſomething better than that, for he was a philoſopher. Nothing but humanity proceeded from his mouth; virtue was always delineated upon his countenance; ſweetneſs was in all his looks. With what pleaſure did he approve of the diſcourſes of the moraliſt! With what ſenſibility did he liſten to the tale of diſtreſs! With what modeſty did he deliver his own ſentiments! With what reſignation did he hear them condemned! With what complaiſance did he behave to every one! With what urbanity! With what——! But, in ſhort, he was the glory of his nation, and the exemplar of his age; and it would be impoſſible to deſcribe all his accompliſhments. The fair ſex eſpecially would never be ſilent, when they undertook to celebrate the praiſes of ſignior Moderato; but the ſpouſe of Jeronimo was, in this reſpect, more laviſh than any other. But this may be accounted for from the fluency of her eloquence, the brilliancy of her wit, and the fertility of her imagination. She was inraptured with the extraordinary merit of her huſband's friend; and as for the good man himſelf, he was in a manner overwhelmed with the compliments he received from every one on account of his wife and his friend. It was at this period that he recollected the advice given by his father, becauſe it had not yet been quite effaced from his memory, and it was in his power to turn it into ridicule.

"My father," ſaid he to himſelf, "was a good ſort of man enough, but it was his foible to be very opiniative. Theſe old men are very odd mortals; they imagine that wiſdom can be acquired only by experience. Becauſe they have dreamt thirty or forty years more than we have, they think themſelves infallible. A young man of parts is better than an old man that doats."

Jeronimo paid himſelf all the compliments he could; for in proſperity a man is always ſatisfied with himſelf; and though he was by himſelf, he laughed heartily at the little panics of the good Thomaſſo. While he was engaged in this manner, one of his friends entered the room, who was honoured with his confidence, but whom he did not careſs with ſo much affection, as his confidant the philoſopher; for the former, though a courier, ſpoke to him ſometimes with more freedom than ſignior Moderato. This gentleman was named Fiducio; and as he was really attached to Jeronimo on account of his candour, he begged he might partake in the pleaſures with which he ſeemed then to be tranſported.

Jeronimo did not want much importunity, and related to him, with all the gaiety of vanity and conceit, the panics and falſe alarms of his deceaſed parent; and, appealing to his preſent ſtate, he ſhewed how the event had juſtified his conduct, and burſt out a laughing again, at the expence of the diſcretion of the deceaſed. "But, indeed," cried Fiducio to Jeronimo, who ſeemed ſurprized at his not joining in the laugh, "I think his advice was very good, and inſtead of turning it into ridicule, I am convinced you cannot do better than make uſe of it ſtill. The prince is fond of you, your wife deſerves reſpect, your friend Moderato has an exterior which would prejudice any one in his favour; but to be ſure of the prince, your wife, and your friend, you ought to try them; and I will lay you, if you pleaſe, a thouſand ſequins, that not one of them will ſtand trial." Jeronimo confiding in his credit with his maſter, in the affection of his wife, and eſpecially in the attachment of his dear Moderato, accepted the wager, and thought that nothing was wanting but an opportunity to make the experiment.

"What favour or honour," ſaid he, "would you have me aſk of the prince? What confidence ſhall I repoſe in my wife? What ſervice ſhall I demand of my friend?"

"Softly?" replied Fiducio, "I make no doubt but his excellency is very generous, that your wife is diſcreet, and your friend ready to ſerve you. What wonder is it that a prince ſhould give away

what coſts him nothing? that a woman ſhould keep a ſecret in which ſhe is not intereſted? or that one friend ſhould heap favours upon another, who is in a more elevated ſtation than himſelf? Strive to contradict or reſtrain the pleaſures of the firſt, to mortify the vanity of the ſecond, and to cauſe the third to ſacrifice his perſonal intereſt, eſpecially under the garb of adverſity. If they ſhall all remain the ſame towards you, I will confeſs that I have loſt the wager, and ſhall be ſufficiently recompenſed by the gain you will have made of a patron, a diſcreet wife, and a faithful friend. Permit me to manage this affair in my own way; you have nothing to do but to execute my orders punctually, and aſſure yourſelf that I ſhall labour more for your intereſt than for my own."

"Give your orders, and I ſhall obey you," ſaid Jeronimo, thinking that he was ſure of winning his wager.

"Well then," replied Fiducio, "go to the falconry, ſteal the prince's favourite falcon, and bring it to my houſe; I will conceal it there as long as it is neceſſary to accompliſh my deſign. In the mean while, you ſhall make the prince believe that it has flown away, and that you have not been able to find it again, notwithſtanding the moſt diligent reſearches after it. After that go to your wife, and tell her as a ſecret, that, being wearied with the inceſſant parties in which the duke takes you out to exerciſe the bird, you had killed it ſecretly, to take him a little off from his ſports, and to procure yourſelf ſome reſt. With reſpect to your friend Moderato, I reſerve him for another opportunity. But, let the event be what it may, even if you ſhould be led to the ſcaffold, do not diſtruſt, but leave it to me to bring you off ſafe."

Jeronimo engaged, upon his honour, that he would, and left his friend to put his project in execution, impatient to ſee the reſult of it. He was not long before he was convinced that the great careſs their favourites no longer than they are ſubſervient to their intereſts or their pleaſures.

The duke, on hearing what was repreſented to him, fell into a moſt violent paſſion with Jeronimo, and, changing his former careſſes and compliments into menaces and invectives, he forbade him his preſence, unleſs expreſsly ſent for. If Jeronimo had not been ſo much ſurpriſed at his reception, he would probably have forgot his promiſe, and have diſcovered all; but the duke having turned his back upon him immediately, the favourite returned to his own houſe, immerſed in grief. However, he ſoon recovered with the hopes that the fight of the falcon would accommodate matters. He was, however, ſomewhat chagrined to find himſelf treated in this manner on account of a bird; and the penſive air which was occaſioned by this reflection being taken notice of by his wife, ſhe furniſhed him, by her queſtions, with an occaſion of trying her in her turn. This, indeed, he reſolved to do the more readily, on account of the bad ſucceſs of his firſt trial.

Jeronimo was not long before he perceived that his father and his friend might poſſibly be in the right; for his wife had no ſooner been appriſed of his diſgrace, than ſhe treated him with the utmoſt contempt, reproaching him for the bad uſe he made of her intereſt, and regretting her marrying a man of his claſs. After this ſhe played off all the haughtineſs, diſdain, bitter ironies, ſarcaſms, and low compliments of one who piques herſelf on account of her family, and imagines, by vilifying a huſband of mean deſcent, to recover the rank which ſhe forfeited in being allied to him. But ſhe was a thouſand times worſe, after poor Jeronimo had confeſſed that he had himſelf twiſted the bird's neck, which had cauſed all this noiſe; and added, in his paſſion, that he wiſhed he had ſerved the reſt in the ſame manner, to revenge himſelf upon ſo ungrateful a maſter, to whom he had ſacrificed his repoſe. At this inſtant, execrations, reproaches, and menaces, were ſhowered like hail upon poor Jeronimo. He had no more patience than another man. The imprecations of his noble ſpouſe at laſt irritated him ſo much, that he thought the beſt reply he could make would be to give her a box on the ear, which ſhe luckily avoided; but reſenting ſuch treatment from one who was of ſo mean a deſcent, ſhe went immediately to make her complaint to the ducheſs, her former miſtreſs, and they went together to the prince to demand juſtice, and to beg his protection. When a woman is ſet upon revenge, ſhe will ſtick at nothing to ſatiate her malice. Jeronimo's wife painted the action of her huſband in ſuch dark colours, that the prince, in the height of his paſſion, ſen-

tenced his dear favourite to be caſt headlong from the higheſt tower in his palace; a mode of puniſhment at that time much in practice. The wife of Jeronimo had, beſides, the ſweet conſolation of hearing an order for the confiſcation of her huſband's effects; that one half was to be given to her, and the other half to any one who would undertake to be his executioner; which was likewiſe a practice in thoſe days: and Fiducio, in virtue of his poſt as captain of the guard, was ordered to take the criminal into cuſtody.

The event turning out more ſerious than Jeronimo ſuſpected, he could not help being a little chagrined; but it was a criſis neceſſary to the happineſs of his life: and he was muſing very melancholy upon the ſituation in which he was in the hands of Fiducio, when Moderato entered into the place of his confinement. He flung his arms around his neck before Jeronimo had time enough to know who he was, and claſping him faſt, he addreſſed him in the moſt conſoling expreſſions: at laſt, after having long harangued him with the maxims of the ſtoic philoſophy, to perſuade him to bear his misfortunes with courage, he ſaid, "The prince being a little cooler, has yielded to my importunities."—"What then," cried Jeronimo, with ſome warmth, "do I then owe my life and my fortune to the application of my dear Moderato? I thank God for it! all my other loſſes are nothing, when I poſſeſs ſuch a friend as you, who has not forgot me in my diſtreſs, who has not been frighted away by my adverſity, nor left me in my diſgrace."—"You would have done me great injuſtice to look upon me in any other light," replied the faithful Moderato: "however, to prevent miſtakes, I muſt inform you, that I bring you neither your pardon nor your liberty; I ſhould have ſolicited for them to no purpoſe; and I know you too well, to imagine that you would have purchaſed either by a baſe ſubmiſſion, which would caſt a blot on your character: by reſigning your life, on the contrary, with an heroic intrepidity, I thought it would be a great ſatisfaction to you to be introduced to immortality by the hands of your moſt affectionate friend—and I had the preference to a great many others, who applied to the prince to remove you from this world, which is full of nothing but injuſtice and miſery, and deſerves not to be coveted. It is a practice here below to trample upon one another; and what is ſtill worſe ——"

At this ſpeech, which was no leſs inſolent than incredible, Jeronimo fell into ſuch a paſſion, that, had it not been for the bars of the windows in his room, he would not have failed to have rendered the ſame piece of ſervice to the officious philoſopher, which he had juſt offered him. But neither he nor Fiducio had recovered from their aſtoniſhment, when the duke of Ferrara entered the room. The prince, according to the vulgar expreſſion, *had changed ſides*. He was naturally of a kind diſpoſition, and repented of his ſeverity towards his favourite, but, perhaps, not without thinking of the loſs of ſo excellent a ſportſman. He came in perſon to give him his pardon. Jeronimo fell at his feet, and, while he was aſking pardon for having offended him, Fiducio went out, and returned again with the falcon on his fiſt. The ſight of his favourite bird gave the prince ſuch a tranſport of joy, that he immediately embraced the very perſon whom, a minute before, he had ſentenced to be caſt down from the top of his palace—and reſtored him his fortune, his poſt, and his favour.

But Jeronimo, grown wiſer by experience, begged the prince to retain them all, not excepting his dear wife, which he had received from him, deſiring only the permiſſion to return to his eſtate.

"Signior," ſaid he, "though the civilities of a great prince towards ſo mean a wretch as myſelf are very flattering, yet they are much more dangerous. The civilities of a prince afford encouragement—the favourite is ingroſſed by his attachment—he endeavours to give more ſignal marks of his friendſhip than his reſpect—he imagines he ſhall meet with a friend, when he meets with a maſter—and, by a revolution to be lamented, his freedom is puniſhed as the indiſcreet liberty of a ſervant who has forgot himſelf: he is like a bird that grows familiar with a cat; the latter may ſuffer it to play with her for ſome time, but the event generally proves fatal to the former."

The prince endeavoured to prevail upon Jeronimo with the moſt lively proteſtations, and to tempt him with the moſt flattering promiſes; but notwithſtanding, his favourite, grown more diſcreet at his own coſt, did not ceaſe to ſollicit his diſcharge—he obtained it at laſt—and after

allowing his wife a conſiderable annuity for her maintenance, he ſeparated himſelf from his better half with great eaſe, and fled to his little eſtate, as to an aſylum, ſecure from the ſtorms of a court.

The wife Fiducio, who was equally ſurfeited with the life of a courtier, ſoon joined him. Both of them, happy and quiet in their retirement, uſed frequently to ſay to each other, that we ſhould be upon our guard againſt thoſe hypocrites in morality, who talk inceſſantly about virtue, becauſe its ſeat is in the heart, not in the mouth; it is known by actions, and not by words; he who is indued with it, poſſeſſes it without knowing, and exerciſes it without perceiving it; but he who boaſts of his good deeds has always the appearance of an impoſtor; and he can never be depended upon, who is always expatiating upon the good he has done. They likewiſe maintained, that it is the height of imprudence to put one's life in the power of an indiſcreet woman, by truſting her with a ſecret; but they looked upon it as the greateſt folly to ſell one's liberty to the great, who being incapable of giving either health to the body, or tranquillity to the mind, ſell their favours too dearly. After theſe reflections, Jeronimo ordered his father's three maxims to be written in letters of gold, that he might have them always before his eyes; and the following maxim to be written in capitals—*Experience is the beſt ſchoolmaſter*; or, *an ounce of experience is worth a pound of advice.*

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE the pleaſure ſometimes of peruſing your entertaining Miſcellany, n which I ſee ſome individuals comlaining of their grievances, not without auſe, and ſome other complaints not ery material. But my complaint (tho' by no means hurts me), yet I am ſatised, will be acknowledged by all the juicious, to be of no ſmall importance; it is a practice that is moſt hateful in own nature, and even injurious to the mmonwealth: I mean the ſlaughter- of the poor ſalmon in this their time ſpawning. I am not ignorant of the egality of the thing; and I believe few the delinquents are ignorant either of illegality or the miſchief they do. Yet, withſtanding, I have ocular demonſtration that that ſhocking practice goes on too generally in all the remote parts of the country where there are rivers, in which thoſe uſeful and delicious creatures (when taken in their own ſeaſon) naturally incline to propagate their ſpecies. But particularly in the higher parts of the water of N—E—k, theſe people being at a diſtance from all public juſtice, vie with one another in butchering thoſe fiſh in the forbidden time, by day and night, without the leaſt controul, and feed upon them moſt rapaciouſly. Strange and voracious appetites! monſtrous digeſtions! A diet, I verily believe, which would make the very dogs and ſwine to ſhudder! yet ſo eſteemed by them, that they ſend pieces of their new-ſticked ſalmon to any of their neighbours who are in bad health, and incapable to catch for themſelves; and this is thought a rare cordial for reſtoring health, and a loſt appetite. Now, Sir, if you think the above deſerving attention, ſo far as to give it a place in your uſeful paper, and that perhaps it may have ſome tendency for moving thoſe who have proper authority to put the perpetrators of this miſchievous practice under ſome reſtraint, I have gained my point, and am, Sir,

Gleneſk, Yours, &c.
Oct. 25. 1771. J. WEBSTER.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The Emperor SIGISMUND: *a tale; from the German of M.* SCHIGEL.

WHAT prince ever poſſeſſed more perfectly the difficult art of reigning than the emperor Sigiſmund! The flatterers, theſe inſects ſo deſtructive to courts, ſeeing that he did not content himſelf with ſparing his enemies, but that he even loaded them with favours, could not comprehend the meaning of this method of proceeding. Oh! if they had been in his place they would have treated them in a different manner! What, ſuffer his enemies to eſcape unpuniſhed! even to load them with benefits! this is what they never would have done as private perſons, far leſs ſo as emperor. But magnanimity exceeds the ſphere of little ſouls. Courtezans, guided by ſelf-intereſt, are perſuaded that a prince reigns only to give abſolute orders, and that the people are only born to be ſubſervient to the pleaſures and debaucheries

of one alone. In fine, envy opened the mouths of theſe worthies: they humbly adviſe the emperor to avenge himſelf on thoſe who dared to reſiſt him. Benevolence to theſe, ſaid they, is only weakneſs; it only tends to make them proceed to attempt more atrocious crimes.

And do I not revenge myſelf ſufficiently of thoſe ſaid the emperor, ſmiling? I *force* them to bluſh at their enmity, and repent of their fault. In a ſhort time they will no longer dare to be enemies to their prince: they will be obliged to eſteem me, whatever efforts they make to the contrary. But if I did what you adviſe me, their enmity, inflamed by my ſeverity, would at length degenerate into perfect hatred. Shall I, then, give them this advantage over me?

O thou real grandeur of mind, how worthy of envy is the glory which thou procureſt to the generous ſoul! What a noble delight fills the mind, when you expand the heart and elevate the ſoul above the little weakneſſes of humanity! How infinitely ſuperior to the feeble gratification which the reptile ſoul, whom thou ſpurneſt from thee with contempt, feels in the execution of vengeance! A prince who thinks like Sigiſmund, merits the empire of the world.

G********s.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The BOY *and the* SERPENT: *a fable; from the Germon of M.* LESSING.

A BOY played with a tame ſerpent. My beautiful little creature! ſaid he, I would not be ſo familiar with thee if they had not taken from thee thy venom. You ſerpents are the moſt cunning, wicked, ungrateful creatures in the world! nor have I forgot what happened to a poor country-man in this neighbourhood, who having found a ſerpent, perhaps ſome of thy forefathers, which was frozen quite ſtiff with cold, put it into his boſom to warm it. Scarce had the wicked creature acquired as much ſtrength, when it bit its benefactor, of which he died.

You ſurpriſe me a good deal, ſaid the ſerpent: your hiſtorians muſt be very partial! ours relate the affair very differently. Thy pretended charitable man, thought that the ſerpent was frozen to death, and, as he ſaw that it had a very beautiful ſkin, he took it up and put it into his boſom, not with a view to bring it to life, but that he might be able to get the ſkin taken off from it. Was this a generous action?

Hold your peace! hold your peace! replied the boy, where is the wretch that does not know how to excuſe his ingratitude?

Very well, my ſon, interrupted the father, who had liſtened to the converſation. However, I would adviſe you, whenever you hear of any extraordinary ſtory of remarkable ingratitude, before you believe it, to examine firſt all the circumſtances with care. Real benefactors ſeldom complain of ingratitude; but the world is full of narrow-minded, intereſted benefactors, who juſtly merit, inſtead of gratitude, only contempt and diſregard. G********t.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Remember to have ſeen it obſerved by a certain author, that it was as ill-bred for a perſon to be diſpleaſed at another for differing in opinion from him, as in wearing a ſuit of cloaths of a different colour; yet I am aware, if this obſervation has been much taken notice of among many of your correſpondents of late, that, on the contrary, they have ſhown their reſentment (when attacked) by deſcending even to downright Billingſgate. This conſideration, no doubt, has cauſed ſuch an outcry againſt all controverſies, by ſome who reckoned themſelves your particular friends, and among the reſt that extraordinary man Mr A. G. from Fochabers, that had not *Gallacegathophilus* interpoſed, all acceſs had henceforth been denied to any eſſay of that nature.

Yet, under this ſanction, I am afraid it may poſſibly be looked upon as preſumption to differ in opinion from one who is poſſeſſed of ſo much erudition as your truly ingenious correſpondent *Philaretes*, whoſe learned eſſays have given ſuch ample fund of entertainment; but it may appear ſtill more daring, when *Wiſeman's* reception is conſidered. Yet after having duly conſidered theſe glaring obſtacles, I cannot help taking notice of a doctrine which he maintains in the ſame elaborate performance, that gave grounds to Mr *Wiſeman's* attack [Vol. xii. p. 34.], with which my ideas cannot

coincide, *viz.* his denying the real exiſtence of apparitions. This he aſſerts by affirming, "that no man ever did ſee an apparition, unleſs it was the product of his own fertile imagination." That ſpirits rove about on earth or air like floating atoms (as he ſpeaks) is a circumſtance, of the contrary of which I am as fully perſuaded as any perſon alive; but that there have been apparitions, is what I think evident to a demonſtration, altho' he ſhould never ſee one until once he goes to the world of ſpirits.

Hiſtory and tradition furniſh us with a variety of circumſtances to confirm the truth of this doctrine. With reſpect to the firſt, from among the many that might be quoted, I ſhall only mention the well known ſtory of Brutus and his evil genius. And from tradition we may produce inſtances without number (many of which indeed, it muſt be allowed, are only the production of fear); therefore I ſhall only mention the famous apparition of *provoſt Crichton* at Sanquhar, which may be depended on as an undoubted matter of fact, and can be atteſted by divers people, yet alive, in that town, who were eye-witneſſes of it; the conjuring of which is alſo ſo notorious in that place of the country, that it is needleſs to mention it.

But as I am conſcious of my inability to produce arguments againſt one who is, in every particular, ſo much my ſuperior, I ſhall not trouble you with any more of my own obſervations; but, to ſhow you that I am not ſingular in my way of thinking, I ſhall here preſent you with the ſentiments of an author upon the point under conſideration, whoſe elegant writings are juſtly held in eſtimation, as he ſeems not to have been much inferior to *Philaretes* himſelf, in point either of rhetoric, or in having a clear conception of the ſacred volume of inſpiration.

"There is (ſays he) a memorable and amazing occurrence recorded in the book of Job, chap. iv. ver. 12, 14, &c. which is, I think, no inconſiderable proof of the real exiſtence of apparitions on ſome very extraordinary emergencies, while it diſcountenances thoſe legions of idle tales, which ſuperſtition has raiſed and credulity received: Since it teaches us that if at any time thoſe viſitants from the unknown world render themſelves perceivable by mortals, it is not upon any errand of frivolous conſequence, but to convey intelligence of the utmoſt moment, or to work impreſſions of the higheſt advantage, if the ſenſe in which I have always underſtood the paſſage in the above-mentioned book be true.—*Eliphaz*, I apprehend, was neither in a trance, nor in a dream, but perfectly awake. Though he ſpeaks of ſleep, he ſpeaks of it as fallen, not upon himſelf, but upon other men. He does not mention dreams, though *ſomnia* would have ſuited the verſe (if the book be in metre) altogether as well as *viſiones*. It could not ſurely be a *wind*, as ſome tranſlate; becauſe the circumſtance of ſtanding ſtill is not ſo compatible with the nature of a wind, and a wind which at once paſſed above him, all around him, as well as before him: not to add how low a remark it is, and how unworthy of a place in ſo auguſt a deſcription, that he could not diſcern the form of a wind. It ſeems therefore, to have been a real ſpirit, either angelical, as were thoſe which preſented themſelves to Abraham reſting at the door of his tent, and to Lot ſitting in the gate of Sodom, or elſe the ſpirit of ſome departed ſaint, as in the caſe of the famous appearance of Moſes and Elijah on the mount of tranſfiguration.—A ſpirit aſſuming ſome vehicle, in order to become viſible to the human eye, which accordingly Eliphaz ſaw, exhibiting itſelf as an object of ſight, but ſaw ſo obſcurely and indiſtinctly, that he was not able to deſcribe its aſpect, or to diſcern whom it reſembled."

Now, Sir, I believe from what I have advanced in favour of apparitions, it will be very natural to conclude, that I am one of thoſe ſuperſtitious gentlemen *Philaretes* ſpeaks of; but whoever thinks ſo will be egregiouſly miſtaken, as I have now fortified myſelf againſt theſe imaginary fears that are the conſtant attendants upon weak minds, having intirely eradicated the old woman from my breaſt; ſo that I can walk, when my buſineſs requires it, with the ſame fortitude of mind, at midnight as at noon-day, as I know that *He* who preſides over the univerſe, without whoſe knowledge a ſingle ſparrow cannot fall to the ground, can guard me from theſe miniſters of darkneſs, who without his permiſſion cannot give me the leaſt diſquiet.

Kyle, Yours, &c.
Nov. 17. 1771. PALÆMON.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE noxious ſtreams of diſſipation and debauchery are no longer confined to the *court*. They are already diffuſed all over the kingdom. Nothing is more common than the moſt extravagant intrigues and irregular amonrs. Their pernicious effects are every day lamented by the *few* ſober and well-diſpoſed perſons, who ſtill retain that love of decency, that regard for order in ſociety, without which a man need only be in his ſenſes to foretel its approaching diſſolution.

But methinks a ſmall attention to what paſſes in the world, will diſcover the *root* from whence all theſe luxuriant branches of licentiouſneſs naturally ſpring; and till it is extirpated, we may prune eternally to no purpoſe. The ladies, whoſe nature and indiſpenſible buſineſs I always thought it had been, to preſerve a becoming modeſty, as well in the preſence of, as in all their mutual tranſactions with the other ſex, are now ſo far loſt to this neceſſary reſtraint, that it is not uncommon to find them perverting the very laws of *precedence*, by aſſuming that *freedom*, which has hitherto been conſidered as the unalienable right of the *men*. And what is ſurpriſing, even theſe who, to a man of no extraordinary refinement of taſte, would appear forbidding, by ſome irreſiſtible influence, inſnare and captivate the moſt cautious and wary. A young lady in my neighbourhood affords a remarkable inſtance of this female *power*. She is not diſtinguiſhed by any ſuperior accompliſhment; nay, ſhe is rather the contrary of beautiful; yet ſhe is ſo much miſtreſs of all the arts of coquetry and deceitful ogling, that in ſpite of a natural frigidity of temper, and the ſtrongeſt averſion to gallantry, ſhe has made a conqueſt of a young man, in whoſe wellfare I am much intereſted. He is no longer the ſame perſon. The time he was wont to employ in ſolid and uſeful converſation, nay, the time he formerly applied to buſineſs, is now taken up in getting a ſplendor of appearance, and in making his addreſſes to this powerful *enchantreſs*.

I have been often in their company, where I have obſerved a freedom and petulance in the lady's behaviour, which would not fail (were he not blinded) to diſguſt, not enamour him. Yet ſuch are the chains with which ſhe has bound him, that, at the hazard of loſing both character and office, he pays the moſt ſubmiſſive obedience to every *fiat* ſhe pronounces. I am extremely anxious to have the charm diſſolved; but this I find to be impracticable; though in the relation I ſtand to both, I might do it, by violent means: yet I dread the conſequences. To break it off and to allow it to proceed, may be equally hurtful to him whoſe intereſt I want to conſult.

I would hold myſelf greatly obliged, if you or any of your correſpondents would favour me with an advice ſuitable to the criſis, or with an antidote againſt this ſo powerful enchantment. I will wait for this with great impatience, and am, Sir,

Hamilton, Yours, &c.
Nov. 20. 1771. PHILANDER.

The impropriety of teaching Young Ladies favourite Songs.

If muſic be the food of love, play on.
Shakeſpeare.

THE ill-effects which romance and novel-reading, has upon the minds of the fair ſex has been often and juſtly expoſed; but there is another part of their ſtudy, which is, in my opinion, of a ſimilar nature and tendency, and which I do not remember any writer has particularly adverted to: I mean the faſhionable ſongs and airs which young ladies are taught from their childhood to ſing, and get by heart; moſt of which, eſpecially the *favourite* ones (as they are called), appear to me to be highly exceptionable and improper. I would not be underſtood to affirm, that they are licentious and indecent in point of expreſſion (I know in what the delicacy of the age conſiſts too well), but that, in point of ſentiment, they are extravagant, impaſſionate, and inflammatory, to a dangerous degree. For the truth of this aſſertion, I ſhould not fear to appeal to the collection that lies underneath the harpſichord of any young lady in this metropolis, or at any boarding-ſchool within ten miles of it; but, that I may not, by way of anſwer, be flatly contradicted, and told that my obſervations are only conjecture, I ſhall beg leave to ſpecify a few of the compoſitions of which I ſpeak, in their own *choice* words. They are extracted from the muſic-books of a lady of my acquaintance; and

I will venture to ſay, that ſome or other of them are to be found in thoſe of every lady, that makes any pretention to a voice.

By my ſighs you may diſcover
What ſoft wiſhes fill my heart;
Eyes can ſpeak, and tell the lover,
What the tongue muſt not impart.
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love, &c.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him eaſe!
When his paſſion we diſcover,
O how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!

That window now ſhall be my gate,
With thee I'll fall or fly;
Rather than live with him I hate,
With him I love I'll die.

A lovely laſs to a friar came,
To confeſs in a morning early, &c.

Why we love or why we hate,
Is not given us to know, &c.

I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore as many more;
There's nothing like a plenty.
Variety is *charming;*
Conſtancy is not for me,
So, ladies, pray take *warning.*
We all love a little flirtation, &c.

When we ſee a lover languiſh,
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how ſweet to heal his anguiſh,
And repay him love for love!

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice, &c.

Can love be controul'd by advice,
Will cupid our mothers obey?

O would ſome bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend his wings,
My parents *they* might rave and ſcold,
My guardian ſtrive my *will to hold.*
Their words are harſh, his walls are high,
But ſpite of all away I'd fly.

A curſe upon the fooliſh maid
Who firſt our liberty betray'd;
Till then we free as man might roam, &c.

Whence can you inherit ſo ſlaviſh a ſpirit,
Confin'd thus and chain'd to a log?
Now fondled, now chid, permitted, forbid!
'Tis leading the life of a dog.
For ſhame! you a lover? more firmneſs diſcover:
Take courage, nor here longer mope.
Reſiſt and be free, *run-riot* like me,
And to perfect the picture elope.

Dear Colin, excuſe my warm bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without pain?
Sure my eyes have oft told you their wiſhes,
Why won't you their meaning explain? &c.

I ſhould ſoon exceed the bounds of a letter, were I to go on. I ſhall only add, that if theſe reiterated leſſons, after having been engraved upon her memory (embelliſhed as they are with all the charms of muſic, though not of *poetry*) do not ſink into a girl's heart, and make more impreſſion there than ſermons, it is not her parent's or guardian's fault. *They* have taken part with the ſeducer; and if their pupil *runs-riot* in the arms of the firſt worthleſs, but perſonable profligate ſhe meets with at an aſſembly, *they* can only blame themſelves for the effects of thoſe paſſions they have been ſo aſſiduous to excite. When I hear them wonder, therefore, when ſuch an event takes place, "that Miſs had not more diſcretion" at ſixteen, than her mother, perhaps, has at forty, I loſe all patience, and laugh aloud at their folly. It is a wonderful and unaccountable matter indeed, that ſhe who has been ſipping drams all day ſhould not go ſoberly to bed; or that the houſe, whoſe floors have been over-night ſtrewn with combuſtibles, ſhould happen to take fire before morning!

CHARLES.

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

SIR,

THERE is not a greater miſtake into which men uſually fall, in the judging of literary merit, than this, that they ſubſtitute the novelty of any production inſtead of its real and intrinſic value.

The cauſe of this deception ſeems to lie in the want of ſome ſtandard, by which might be eſtimated the merit of every performance in that particular branch of ſcience wherein it is written. Every writer may comparatively be deemed excellent, who ſurpaſſes all that have written before him on the ſame ſubject; but then it does not follow, that he who attempts an undertaking wholly untouched before, performs it well, becauſe nobody has done the like: for he that runs by himſelf can never be ſaid to overcome. As this holds true univerſally, ſo does it

more eſpecially in any bold or deſperate attempt, where it is a hard matter to ſeparate the idea of perſonal courage from that of literary merit. Nay, the power of novelty is ſo great, that it frequently tickles and pleaſes the fancy, though the ſubject it is employed on be ſuch as every ſober perſon muſt condemn and deteſt.

Whoever has read Mr Thomas Woolſton's or Mr John Wilkes's books againſt Chriſt, muſt allow that the newneſs and ſingularity of the thing made every ſentence take the appearance of wit, and raiſed a conſiderable admiration of the authors as writers, though the horridneſs of the blaſphemy excited the greateſt indignation againſt them as men. This is the foundation on which Junius began to erect the temple of his fame. He has taken a new track indeed! His novelty has excited the admiration, though not the applauſe, or even the approbation of all his readers. Thoſe who will not take time to think, or are not able, are ſurprized at his genius and eloquence, while men of real judgment and ſolid learning are only ſurprized at his falſehood and impudence. In every letter, he ſets out with attacking, in the moſt dirty and abuſive manner, ſome of the greateſt and beſt perſonages in the kingdom; well knowing that it is his approaches to majeſty which gives him a cometary luſtre, and makes the world admire him. To ſay that a Junius, a Wilkes, &c. is a villain, is not at all extraordinary, becauſe it has been ſaid ten thouſand times already; but when any evil is ſpoken againſt a Brunſwick or a Fitzroy, it aſtoniſhes the whole world. Junius has alſo the advantage of all his predeceſſors, in that he hath invented a ſyſtem of ſatire intirely new. Finding the quiver of wit to be already emptied on the uſual objects of ridicule, he has borrowed ſome poiſoned arrows of the devil (for Apollo never kept them), to ſhoot at him that is true of heart.

No longer now are vice and folly to be declaimed againſt.—Religion muſt take their place; and Virtue, which, the poet ſays, needs no defence, is forced to cry out for quarter. The antients thought that moral virtues were ſo requiſite in kings and ſtateſmen, that, in every ſucceſſion, their hopes or fears increaſed in proportion to the virtues or vices which they had obſerved in the private life of the new governor. Nay, the people of Media were ſo well convinced that no public good was to be expected from a perſon of ill morals, that, when ſuch a one claimed the empire as his hereditary right, they obliged him to relinquiſh his pretenſions, and choſe one of a different behaviour. But the *great* Junius has lately diſcovered, that moral virtues are ſo far from being neceſſary in a good monarch, that they are his greateſt ſcandal, and make him unworthy to govern a *free* people. According to this new notion of things, to *blacken* a man's character, call him a Chriſtian, a prieſt, a firm friend, a tender parent, an encourager of liberal arts.—To give him the moſt exquiſite panegyrics, call him rebel, robber of orphans, bond-burner, blaſphemer, &c.—When things are come to this paſs, it is no wonder that Junius attacks with fury the perſonages who now fill the great offices of ſtate, and would gladly recommend to the favour and confidence of the public, the Wilkeſes, the Croſsboys, the Sowbreeches, &c. &c. I hope to give no offence to thoſe worthy families, if I am not juſt in the orthography of their names, becauſe I do not pretend to be ſkilled in ſuch *obſcure* matters.

Junius is all novelty! his very friends and patrons are ſuch—Indeed I know not what to compare them to, except the Phœnix, for they can produce no anceſtors; and, like her too, they are but newly ſprung from dirt and aſhes.

Another cauſe which makes Junius take ſo much with the public, is his ſecrecy. A concealed author has almoſt all the advantages of a dead one, and on ſuch the world will generally laviſh more praiſes than they deſerve. It is now beyond a doubt with me, that, not long ſince, Junius publiſhed many letters under his proper ſignature, which were ſo far from being well received by the public, that they were univerſally condemned as trifling, dull, irregular, and even inaccurate. Darkneſs, therefore, is the lion's ſkin with which the formidable Junius is inveſted; could we pull it off (and it *will* ſoon be pulled off, *ſi quid habent veri vatum præſagia*), the moſt ſtupid and contemptible animal would appear. When this diſcovery ſhall be made, I will venture to predict that there will be found in him ſome perſonal deformity. The God of nature would not infuſe ſo black and turbulent a ſpirit into a fair and beautiful veſſel. That moſt of the venomous and poiſonous ſpecies of ani-

mals are distinguished by the ugliness of their shape, as a mark for other creatures to avoid them, is evident beyond contradiction.

But Nature is not content to stop there; she stigmatizes some particular animals in every species, as exceptions to that order of beings, as if she were ashamed to own them, or had left an inscription on them that she would not be answerable for any mischief they might do. I would not by any means insinuate, that all human bodies, which want regularity of limbs and features, are informed with wicked spirits; for deformity in general has not an influence on the mind, and is an unhappiness, not a crime: what I contend for is, that those factious and devilish spirits, which have from time to time appeared in the world, and have portended, or rather brought with them misery and confusion to those unhappy countries which produced them: I say, such persons have been generally branded with deformity as a judgment. Such was Shimei, who had the dog-like impudence to bark at King David, and curse him in the midst of his nobles and attendants. Such was Therfites, who insulted Achilles and Ulysses. And such will the great Junius shortly be found, who, with the most daring insolence and blackest calumny, has ventured to abuse a monarch possessing the virtues of these just mentioned, without a mixture of their vices.—One thing more which prejudices the public in favour of Junius's letters, and which depends on his concealment, is the opinion which they are deceived into with respect to his birth and fortune. This same Junius, being a great paragraph-writer, has frequently informed the public, that the letters which appear under his name are the production of a noble peer. On the contrary, with all the probability of truth which the case will admit of, I now publicly declare, that this great personage is nothing more than a beggarly scribbler, who earns his daily bread by blaspheming the Giver of it, and by abusing the greatest characters in Europe. A man on whom hunger and envy have all the influence, which an old writer [Isaiah], whom Junius laughs at, observed them to have three thousand years ago: *When they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their God.* What is more truly despicable, than to hear this wretched apostate promising his writings that immortality which he lays no claim to for his soul?—No—most mighty man of news-papers! "not being of God," in a double sense of the words, thou can'st not stand. No—infamous scribbler! though, tempted by a pitiful gain, thou art determined to curse and satirize all virtuous persons—though thou exercisest both whip and spur on thy long eared Pegasus without mercy, yet, behold, the Muse opposes thee in the way with a drawn sword.

VATUM ULTIMUS.

To his Grace the Duke of G——n.

WHAT is the reason, my lord, that, when almost every man in the kingdom, without distinction of principles or party, exults in the ridiculous defeat of Sir James Lowther, when good and bad men unite in one common opinion of that baronet, and triumph in his distress, as if the event (without any reference to vice or virtue) were interesting to human nature, your grace alone should appear so miserably depressed and afflicted? In such universal joy, I know not where you will look for a compliment of condolence, unless you appeal to the tender, sympathetic sorrows of Mr Bradshaw. That cream-coloured gentleman's tears, affecting as they are, carry consolation along with them. He never weeps, but, like an April shower, with a lambent ray of sun-shine upon his countenance. From the feeling of honest men, upon this joyful occasion, I do not mean to draw any conclusion to your grace. *They* naturally rejoice, when they see a single instance of tyranny resisted with success;—of treachery exposed to the derision of the world;—an infamous informer defeated, and an impudent robber dragged to the public gibbet.—But, in the *other* class of mankind, I own I expected to meet the duke of Grafton. Men, who have no regard for justice, nor any sense of honour, seem as heartily pleased with Sir James Lowther's well deserved punishment, as if it did not constitute an example against themselves. The unhappy baronet has no friends, even among those who resemble him. You, my lord, are not yet reduced to so deplorable a state of dereliction. Every villain in the kingdom is your friend; and, in compliment to such friendship, I think you should suffer your dismal countenance to clear up. Besides, my lord,

I am a little anxious for the conſiſtency of your character. You violate your own rules of decorum, when you do not inſult the man whom you have betrayed.

The divine juſtice of retribution ſeems now to have begun its progreſs. Deliberate treachery intails puniſhment upon the traitor. There is no poſſibility of eſcaping it even in the higheſt rank. The forced, unnatural union of Lutterel and Middleſex was an omen of another unnatural union, by which indefeaſible infamy is attached to the houſe of B----k. If one of thoſe acts were virtuous and honourable, the beſt of P-----s, I thank God, is happily rewarded for it by the other.-----Your grace, *it has been ſaid*, had ſome ſhare in recommending colonel Lutterel to the king;---or was it only the gentle Bradſhaw, who made himſelf anſwerable for the good behaviour of his friend? An intimate connection has long ſubſiſted between him and the worthy lord Irnham. It aroſe from a fortunate ſimilarity of principles, cemented by the conſtant mediation of their common friend Miſs Davis.

Yet I confeſs I ſhould be ſorry that the opprobrious infamy of this match ſhould reach beyond the family.---We have now a better reaſon than ever to pray for the long life of the beſt of princes, and the welfare of his royal *iſſue*.-----I will not mix any thing ominous with my prayers; ---but let the parliament look to it.----A *Lutterel* ſhall never ſucceed to the crown of England. If the hereditary virtues of the family deſerve a kingdom, Scotland will be a proper retreat for them.

The next is a moſt remarkable inſtance of the goodneſs of Providence. The juſt law of retaliation has at laſt overtaken the little, contemptible tyrant of the north. To this ſon-in-law of your deareſt friend the earl of B--e, you meant to tranſfer the duke of Portland's property; and you haſtened the grant, with an expedition unknown to the treaſury, that he might have it time enough to give a deciſive turn to the election for the county. The immediate conſequence of this flagitious robbery was, that he loſt the election, which you meant to inſure to him, and with ſuch ſignal circumſtances of ſcorn, reproach, and inſult (to ſay nothing of the general exultation of all parties), as (excepting the king's brother-in-law col. Lutterel, and old *Simon* his father-in-law) hardly ever fell upon a gentleman in this country.---In the event he loſes the very property of which he thought he had gotten poſſeſſion, and after an expence, which would have paid the value of the land in queſtion twenty times over.-- The forms of villainy, you ſee, are neceſſary to its ſucceſs. Hereafter you will act with greater circumſpection, and not drive ſo directly to your object. To *ſnatch a grace*, beyond the reach of common treachery, is an exception, not a rule.

And now, my good lord, does not your conſcious heart inform you, that the juſtice of retribution begins to operate, and that it may ſoon approach your perſon?---Do you think that *Junius* has renounced the Middleſex election?-- Or that the king's timber ſhall be refuſed to the royal navy with impunity?----Or that you ſhall hear no more of the ſale of that patent to *Mr Hyne*, which you endeavoured to ſcreen, by ſuddenly dropping your proſecution againſt *Samuel Vaughan*, when the rule againſt him was made abſolute? I believe, indeed, there never was ſuch an inſtance in all the hiſtory of negative impudence.---But it ſhall not ſave you. The very ſun-ſhine you live in is a prelude to your diſſolution. When you are ripe you ſhall be plucked. JUNIUS.

P. S. I beg you will convey to our gracious maſter my humble congratulations upon the glorious ſucceſs of peerages and penſions, ſo laviſhly diſtributed as the rewards of Iriſh virtue.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I perfectly concur with your correſpondent *Agricola* in his benevolent deſire to promote the happineſs of his fellow-creatures; and as he has taken no notice of a covering for houſes, which may be had in many parts of this country at a very moderate expence, and may be made to anſwer all the purpoſes of a light, and comfortable, and laſting defence againſt the inclemencies of the weather; I give you the trouble of this, to inform ſuch of my countrymen of this as may be ignorant of it.

Heather has been long uſed as a covering for houſes, and is found to be both light, cheap, and durable, if it meets with no accident. But roofs of this ſort are ſubject to two great inconveniencies,

being extremely apt to catch fire, and liable to be cut with vermin, which eat ſmall round holes through it as if they had been pierced with a wimble, which it is impoſſible ever to mend rightly; ſo that the roof muſt often be taken off and renewed in ten or a dozen of years on this account, although it might otherwiſe have remained good for ten times that period. The following method of obviating, in ſome meaſure, both of theſe inconveniencies, was ſuggeſted to me by neceſſity, and has been found to be effecacious.

Tiles of themſelves, *Agricola* juſtly obſerves, are a troubleſome and uncomfortable roof, being apt to crack with froſts, and to be carried away with wind, but as they are light and cheap, many perſons employ them on theſe accounts. But if a roof is firſt covered with *tiles*, and neatly pointed with lime in the inſide,—and afterwards covered with a thin coat of *heather*, it forms the lighteſt, cheapeſt, and moſt durable roof that I know; and is undoubtedly the beſt of any uſed in this country, next to ſlates.—The thin coat of heather effectually preſerves the tiles from receiving any damage by wind or froſt, and the tiles as effectually preſerve the heather from catching fire from within; and after a few years, the outer ſurface of the heather becomes cruſted with a kind of fog, which in a great meaſure prevents it from being in danger of catching fire from without. The tiles likewiſe prevent any water coming through the roof that might accidentally ooze through the heather, and if an inverted cornice of wood is carried quite round the top of the wall of the building, it is impoſſible for vermin ever to get any acceſs to it.-----On all which accounts, I recommend this method of conſtructing a roof to every gentleman and farmer, who have it in their power to get the materials, as the beſt and the cheapeſt which they can poſſibly get,---- It is not eaſy to ſay exactly how long a roof of this kind might ſtand without needing to be renewed; but I am fully perſuaded, it would need little or no repairs for a hundred years at leaſt, and might poſſibly ſtand double that time.

Thatch of ſtraw may be employed inſtead of heather, where this cannot be had;----but it is infinitely inferior, not only becauſe it is leſs durable, and more liable to accidents by fire, but alſo becauſe there is no other way of fixing it on but by means of ropes, which are perpetually ſubject to be carried off by the wind. Your, &c.

A FARMER.

The WILL *of Lord* BALTIMORE, *who died at* Naples; *but which has not yet been regiſtered in the Commons.*

IN the name of folly, extravagance, and debauchery, and to ſhew a juſt attention to my friends and acquaintance of both ſexes, being of very ſound mind, but my phyſicians pronouncing my body in a very different predicament, I make this my laſt will and teſtament.

Imprimis, I give and bequeath to doctor Griffenberg, that able phyſician, and ſtill more able pimp, all my chaſtity, for which he has great occaſion even at *ſeventy*, in hopes it may prevent his committing any more rapes upon infants of ſeven years old.

Item, To his lady, my recommendation to all the *male* nobility, young and old, as the moſt ſkilful procureſs in Europe, being a complete miſtreſs of the art of ſeduction, and inveigling girls and young women to be debauched.

To every ſultana of thy late ſeraglio a new gown, and five pounds in ſpecie, to rig them in other reſpects from top to toe, including the eſſential articles, of which they ſtood in ſo much need, *paint* and *coſmetics*, together with a box of Keyſer's pills.

To the virtuous and pious Miſs Woodcock, alias Mrs Davis, a little prudence, conſiſtency, and recollection, eſpecially in regard to her age, and her immaculate chaſtity.

To Dr Ford, my old black ſuit, to make a decent appearance at Hunter's lectures, and enable him to gain ſome more certain knowledge concerning the ſigns of virginity, and thereby prevent his expoſing himſelf upon any future trials.

To that nervous dramatic preacher and amazing writer, Dr F--d- c, in return for the excellent diſcourſe he made upon my affair with Miſs Woodcock, in which he, with religious juſtice, pre-condemned me in the pulpit before a legal trial took place, a ſet of his own *ſermons to young women*, bound in *calf*, with my marginal notes, which will be of inеſtimable uſe to him in his future editions.

To the unfortunate female patients in the Lock-hoſpital, many of whom I fear

have entered there through the door of my ſeraglio, a quarter of a pound of tea each, to dilute the mercury in their ſtomachs.

To counſellor M—rr—s for his friendly defence of my conduct, and for which he refuſed accepting of any pecuniary recompence, the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleaſure, handſomely bound, and richly ornamented with cuts ſuitable to the ſituations.

To Mr K——y, for the many kind paragraphs in the Ledger, in my behalf, I bequeath him all my manuſcripts, which he may either convert into eſſays for the papers, or turn into comedies or tragedies with very little trouble, as occaſion may ſuit, they wanting nothing to render them perfect dramatic pieces, but fable, character, ſentiment, wit, humour, incident, and cataſtrophe.

Item, Leſt theſe works ſhould not turn out ſo valuable as I expect, I alſo bequeath him a golden tooth-pick caſe, which he may occaſionally convert into a cat call, to damn the productions of his brother writers.

To Mr F—ſh—r, for the many favours received at his hands in the courſe of my amours, I bequeath all my toys; and trinkets, which have been of ſuch ſingular ſervice in diverting the attention of young women, and preventing their thinking of their impending ruin.

To lord Delor—ne my portrait, to be hung up in his moſt voluptuous bed-chamber, as a *memento-mori*.

To all my baſtards this general advice, "To avoid in every reſpect the footſteps of their father."

To the world I am compelled to leave a moſt profligate character, and to the worms, with whom I ſhall ſoon make a very intimate acquaintance, an emaciated carcaſe, dangerous to feed on.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, he propoſed an eſtabliſhment of the Jews in this kingdom, with liberty of commerce, and a free exerciſe of their religion. This proſpect met with great oppoſition from the chiefs of the different ſects; however, Cromwell carried his point. A ſmall body of Jews ſettled in Duke's-place, under the direction of Manaſſe-Ben-Iſrael, a celebrated rabbi, who erected a ſynagogue. The correſpondence and inviolable friendſhip which ſubſiſts between the Jews that are diſperſed in different parts of the globe, were of great ſervice to the protector. He was often obliged to them for the moſt important and valuable intelligence, which did not contribute a little to promote the enterprizes which he formed againſt foreign ſtates. Among a multitude of inſtances of that ſort, let the following ſuffice. As Cromwell was walking one day in the gallery at Whitehall with lord Orrery, a man, very meanly dreſſed, approached them. Cromwell immediately left his lordſhip, took the man by the hand, and conducted him to his cloſet; where he learned from him that the Spaniards were ſending a conſiderable ſum of money to pay their army in Flanders; that the money was on board a Dutch veſſel; and he was ſo minute in his information, as to deſcribe the very place where it was depoſited. The protector immediately appriſed Sir Jeremy Smith with this circumſtance, charging him not to fail ſeizing on the Spaniſh treaſure as ſoon as it ſhould enter on the road to Calais. As ſoon as the veſſel appeared, Smith ſent to demand permiſſion to viſit her: the Dutch captain anſwering, that he would not ſuffer any but his maſters to ſearch his veſſel, Smith threatened to ſink him. The Hollander, being too weak to defend himſelf, ſubmitted. The money was found, and ſent to London. Cromwell received it; and the firſt time he ſaw lord Orrery, he told him, that, had it not been for the poor Jew, whom they ſaw a few days before, he ſhould not have met with ſo much good luck.

Henry Carey, couſin to queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majeſty's favours for ſeveral years, loſt it after the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace under the queen's window, ſhe perceived him, and ſaid to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of, when he is thinking of nothing?"—"Upon a woman's promiſe," replied Carey. "Well done, couſin," anſwered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Carey's anſwer. Some time after, he ſolicited the honour of a peerage, and reminded the queen that ſhe had *promiſed* it to him. "True," ſaid ſhe, "but that was a woman's promiſe."

POETRY.

IMPARTIAL presents his moſt reſpectful compliments to theſe hyper-critics on the Engliſh language and the new method of teaching it, Meſſrs *Cenſor*, *A. B. Plain* and Co. and begs leave to ſubmit to their ſerious peruſal the following

FABLE *of the* DIRTY-WAY.

IN —— road, as you go down
To ——, there ſtands a town,
Where you would think the diſtant church
Had left its pariſh in the lurch;
For all who'd hear the parſon preach,
Muſt trudge a mile the church to reach;
And what is worſe? for years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long, long lane of mirey clay,
Becauſe there was no other way.
Hence thoſe who did not nags beſtride,
Or thoſe who had no nags to tide,
Oft times in winter had the luck
In mirey dirt to be faſt ſtuck,
And when one foot they rais'd with t'other,
Deeper and faſter ſtuck the other.
Thus had this mirey, toilſome lane
A conſtant pariſh nuiſance been,
From ſire to ſire, from ſon to ſon;
Each curs'd the road, yet kept it on,
Till a new *vicar* did perſuade,
That a new path-way might be made,
On which the people clean might go,
And leave the mirey ſlime below.
A *veſtry*'s call'd—they all agree,
And had a path made inſtantly.
Now, without labour, pain or toil,
They trip it o'er the gravel ſoil;
The laſſes no heart-aching know
For white hoſe, or red-heel'd ſhoe,
But all along the high-way ſide
Each ſeem'd a bride-groom or a bride.
You'd think that all would leave the lane,
And to the *dirt* prefer the *clean*;
Yet one there was within the town,
Call'd *C*, *A*, *B*, *H**, *P*, a head-ſtrong ſtubborn clown,
With mirey boots, and coat high girt,
Would ſtill trudge thro' the *antient dirt*.

* *The initials of theſe critical gentlemen's ſubſcriptions. Mr* Plain's *laborate performance* [Vol. xiv. p.] *will aſſiſt any of your readers that are nonpluſed as to the orthography of this word.*

Trudge thro' the dirt, Sir!—What pretence?
'Tis ev'n againſt all common ſenſe!
What ſeems 'gainſt common ſenſe to you,
Quoth he, my reaſon proveth true;
And, when once jeer'd at by his friend,
Who clean on the high path did go,
He did his conduct thus defend,
And, ſurly, anſwer'd from below.
As long as I remember can,
(Nay, paſt the memory of man)
Our fathers, and grandfathers too,
This very ſelf-ſame lane went thro';
And ſurely, *Im* †, you muſt agree,
Our fathers were as wiſe as we;
As well as we they might have laid
Their gravel, and that path-way made;
But thro' this lane they took their rout,
And had their reaſons for't, no doubt;
And tho' their reaſons are unknown,
Yet ſure our duty ſhould be ſhown;
For ſwerving from our fathers rules
Is calling all our fathers fools.
The prejudices you may name,
In you, it is the very ſame;
The only diff'rence I'll unfold,
You are for *new things*, I for *old*.
Says *Im*. ſince you ſo head ſtrong be,
You ſtill ſhall jog thro' dirt for me;
Therefore let no diſpute be had,
You count me *fool*—I call you *mad*.

Nov. 26. 1771.

† *Impartial.*

The WISH.

Multa petentibus deſunt, multa?

OH would indulgent heav'n but give,
(While yet below I'm doom'd to live)
Of gold, enough to bear me o'er
The ſtage of life, nor rich, nor poor;
Yet have enough (in caſe of need)
To clothe the bare, or hungry feed;
A cottage ſmall, neat in each part,
(Without the Tuſcan or Corinthian art;)
Plac'd near ſome venerable ſhade,
Where noiſe may not my peace invade:
There far from care, remote from ſtrife,
And all the buſy ſcenes of life;
From empty ſounds of worth, or fame,
Or courtiers ſtriving for a name;
I would ſerenely view the great,
Nor aſk their fame, nor ſhare their fate;
But bleſt among thoſe rural ſcenes
Of purling brooks, or flow'ry greens,
There traverſe thro' the leafy grove,
Whilſt ſongſters warble forth their love:

Let Damon too, my friend, be there,
Who's noble, gen'rous, and ſincere;
To flattery a foe profeſs'd,
Whoſe very ſoul doth vice deteſt:
My Sally likewiſe there ſhould dwell,
Joint tenant of my humble cell,
Whoſe love was fix'd on me alone,
My cot prefer before a throne;
Bleſt with their preſence, all would ſmile,
And ſome new joy each hour beguile;
There we enraptur'd ſhould enjoy
What men can't give, nor man deſtroy.
Oct. 19. R. T.

On an Urn (now erecting) to the Memory of William Shenſtone, *Eſq; in* Hales-Owen *church-yard*, Shropſhire.

By Mr GARRICK.

WHOE'ER thou art, with rev'rence tread
The ſacred manſions of the dead.—
Not that the monumental buſt
Or ſumptuous tomb *here* guards the duſt
Of rich or great: (let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undiſtinguiſh'd in the earth;)
This ſimple Urn records a name,
That ſhines with moſt exalted fame.
Reader! if genius, taſte refin'd,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, ſcience, manly ſenſe,
If wit, that never gave offence,
The cleareſt head, the tendereſt heart,
In thy eſteem e'er claim'd a part;
Ah! ſmite thy breaſt, and drop a tear,
For, know, *thy* Shenſtone's duſt lies here.

A ROYAL DIALOGUE; *or The* RECONCILIATION, *from* Shakeſpeare.

SCENE—*the Preſence Chamber.—Enter the* King, *Duke of* Cumberland, *Lords*, &c.

KING.

LORDS, give us leave, for *Cumberland* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference; but be near;
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.
Exeunt Lords, &c.
I know not whether God will have it ſo
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood,
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſtreadings.—Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

CUMBERLAND.

So, pleaſe your majeſty, I wiſh I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charged withal;
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales deviſ'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling *pick-thanks*, and baſe *news-mongers*;
I may for ſome things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

KING.

Heav'n pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt nearly loſt,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the courts and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall!

CUMBERLAND.

My gracious lord, I do confeſs my faults,
And only wiſh to live, to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
She whom *now* I love
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love:
The *others* did not ſo.
And were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the fairſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had forms and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without *her* love: for *her* employ them all,

Commend them, and condemn them to
her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition!

KING.

This ſhews a ſound affection.
Let me embrace thee, *Harry!*—We're
reconcil'd—
Nay, do not aſk our pardon——
The nature of your great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it!

REASON *and* TRUTH.

FAIR *Reaſon* and *Truth*, in a *tete-a-tete* way,
Were amuſing themſelves with themes *moral* and *gay*,
When *Reaſon* to *Truth* this full quere propos'd,
"Pray where are the *Virtues?* how are they diſpos'd?
'What reſidence choſen ſince come from above?
'*Religion*, *Affection*, *Peace*, *Harmony*, *Love?*"
Says *Truth*, "To a lodge of FREE MASONS repair,
'In *unity* bound, you will find 'em *all* there."

Dec. 3. 1771. F. J. GUION.

THE REVIEW.

The WORKS *of* WILLIAM BROWNE: *Containing* BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS: *The* SHEPHERD'S PIPE, *conſiſting of Paſtorals: The* INNER TEMPLE MASQUE, *never before publiſhed; and other Poems.* In three Volumes, ſmall 8vo.

IT appears, by the publiſher's advertiſement prefixed to theſe poems, that the author, whoſe works are now offered to the public, met with a fate uncommon and unmerited by ſo great a genius. He who was admired and beloved by all the beſt writers of his time; who was eſteemed, and highly recommended by the critical Johnſon and the learned Selden, was, in a few years after his death, almoſt forgotten; ſo that no trace of an edition of William Browne's works is to be found ſince the uſurpation of Oliver Cromwell. However, the publiſher has received conſiderable aſſiſtance from ſeveral gentlemen, who have kindly enabled him to make this edition as complete as poſſible.

It will be proper to introduce here the life of William Browne, which is prefixed to the firſt volume.

"William Browne, deſcended of a good family, was born at Taviſtock in Devonſhire in the year 1570; his father, according to Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, being probably of the knightly family of Browne of Browne's-Haſh, in the pariſh of Langtree, near Great Torrington.

"After he had paſſed through the grammar-ſchool, he was ſent to Exeter ſchool in the univerſity of Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of king James the Firſt, where he became a great proficient in claſſical learning, and in the belles lettres was ſcarcely equalled; from hence, however, before he had taken any academical degree, he removed to the Inner Temple, London, where he more particularly devoted himſelf to the muſes.

"In the beginning of the year 1624, he returned again to Exeter college, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, who was afterwards earl of Carnarvon, and who loſt his life at Newbury fight, on the 20th of September 1643. On the 25th of March 1624, our author received permiſſion to be actually created a Maſter of Arts, although the degree was not conferred upon him till the November following. He is ſtiled, in the public regiſter of the univerſity, a man well ſkilled in all kinds of polite literature and uſeful arts: *Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium cognitione inſtructus.*

"After he had left the college with his pupil, he was gladly received into the family of William earl of Pembroke, who had a great reſpect for him; and here, according to the author of the *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, he made his fortune ſo well, that he purchaſed an eſtate; he alſo adds, that he had a great mind in a little body; but with regard to the time of his death he is very doubtful; for all that he ſays of the matter is, that "in his 'ſearches he finds, that one William 'Browne of Ottery St Mary in Devon-

'shire, died in the year 1645, but that 'he cannot tell whether he was the same 'with our poet."

"His poetical works procured him the acquaintance and esteem of many of the most learned and ingenious men of the age; they were looked upon with envy and admiration; and we have many testimonies of the high esteem in which they were held. Edward Philips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, speaking of the Britannia's Pastorals, says, "that 'though they are not of the sublimest 'strain, yet, for a subject of that nature, 'amorous and rural, they contain mat-'ter not unpleasant to the reader." Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, stiles them a most ingenious piece; "it being (says he), 'for the subject of an amorous and rural 'nature, worthily deserving commenda-'tions, as any one will confess who shall 'peruse it with an impartial eye." And the author of the *Memoirs of the Life of Mr William Pattison, of Sidney College, Cambridge*, prefixed to his poems, printed in 1728, tells us, that, from some instances, which he produces, "it will appear, even to our most infal-'lible critics, that though Mr Browne 'wrote an hundred and eleven years 'ago, his language is as nervous, his 'numbers are as harmonious, his de-'scriptions as natural, his panegyric as 'soft, and his satire as pointed, as any 'that are to be found in the whipt-syl-la-'bub poetasters of the present century;

Who verses write, as soft, as smooth as cream,
The poem ended, no one knows the theme.

"It is said to be a certain fact, that Pattison, at his death, was possessed of no book except the Britannia's Pastorals of W. Browne.

"Our author was no less honoured and respected for his production of the *Shepherd's Pipe* than of *Britannia's Pastorals*: and Prince further informs us, that, "as he had honoured his coun-'try with his sweet and elegant pasto-'rals, so it was expected, and he also in-'treated, a little farther to grace it, by 'his drawing out the line of his poetic 'ancestors, beginning in Joseph Iscamus, 'and ending in himself; a noble design, 'if it had been effected."

In order to give our readers an opportunity of judging of the merit of this ingenious author, now revived for public inspection, we have subjoined the following extract:

The THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

The shepheard's swain here singing on
Tels of the cure of Doridon;
And then unto the water's fals
Chanteth the rustic pastorals.

NOW had the sunne, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world;
And Cynthia, in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground:
Twice had the day-starre usher'd forth the light;
And twice the evening-starre proclaim'd the night;
'Ere once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his pipe to re-salute the morn.
When, grac'd by time (unhappy time the while),
The cruel swaine (who 'ere knew swaine so vile?)
Had stroke the lad; in came the watry nymph,
To raise from sound poore Doridon (the impe
Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth
To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth);
And the maides helpe, but since 'tis to domes of fate,
'Succour, tho' ne'er so soone, comes still too late:"
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him,
And so with words of hope she homeward brings him.
At doore expecting him, his mother sate,
Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him unto herselfe excuses,
And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses;
As that her sonne, since day grew olde and weake,
Staid with the maides to runne at barli-breake:
Or that he cours'd a parke with females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be caught;

Or in the thickets lay'd ſome wily ſnare
To take the rabbet, or the poor blinde hare;
Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid:
Thus ſhepheards doe; and thus ſhe thought he did.
" In things expected, meeting with delay,
' Though theſe be none, we frame ſome cauſe of ſtay;"
And ſo did ſhe (as ſhe who doth not ſo)
Conjecture time unwing'd, he came ſo ſlow.
But Doridon drew neere, ſo did her griefe:
" Ill lucke, for ſpeede, of all things elſe is chiefe."
For, as the blind-man ſung*, " Time ſo provides,
" That joy goes ſtill on foote, and ſorrow rides."
Now when ſhe ſaw (a woful ſight!) her ſonne,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cryes begun
To utter ſuch a plaint, that ſcarce another
Like this 'ere came from any love-ſicke mother.
If man hath done this, heaven! why mad'ſt thou men?
Not to deface thee in thy children;
But by the worke the workeman to adore;
Framing that ſomething, which was nought before.
Aye me, unhappy wretch! if that in things,
Which are as we (ſave title), men feare kings,
That be their poſtures to the life, limb'd on (ſtone,
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in
" 'Tis death to ſtab: why then ſhould earthly things"
Dare to deface his forme who formed kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Revenge, deſires unjuſt, vilde jealouſie,
Hate, envy, murther, all theſe fix then raigned,
When but the half of men the world contained.
Yet but in part of theſe, thoſe ruled then,
When now as many vices live as men.
Live they? Yes live, I fear, to kill my ſonne,
With whom my joyes, my love, my hopes are done.

* *Homer.*

Ceaſe, quoth the water's nymph, that led the ſwaine;
Though 'tis each mother's cauſe thus to complaine,
Yet " abſtinence in things we muſt profeſſe,
' Which nature fram'd for need, not for exceſſe."
Since the leaſt blood, drawn from the leſſer part
Of any childe, comes from the mother's hart,
We cannot chuſe but grieve, except that we
Should be more ſenſleſſe than the ſenſleſſe tree,
Reply'd his mother. Do but cut the limbe
Of any tree, the trunke will weep for him;
Rend the cold ſicamor's thin bark in two,
His name and teares would ſay, ſo love ſhould do,
" That mother is all flint (than beaſts leſſe good)
' Which drops no water when her child ſtreames blood."
At this the wounded boy fell on his knees,
Mother, kind mother (ſaid), weep not for me;
Why, I am well, indeed I am. If you
Ceaſe not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew;
When I was promiſt firſt the light's fruition,
You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I ſhould hold it with like rent and pain
As others doe, and one time leave't again.
Then, deareſt mother, leeve, oh leeve to wayle,
" Time will effect where teares can nought availe."
Herewith Marinda taking up her ſonne,
Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon,
She thank'd the nymph for her kind ſuccour lent,
Who ſtrait tript to her watry regiment.

LITERARY CATALOGUE *for* 1771.

THE hiſtory of a voyage to the Malouine (or Falkland) Iſlands, &c. tranſlated from Dr Pernetty's hiſtorical journal, written in French. 4to. 15s. Jefferys.—This voyage was made in the years 1763 and 1764, under the command of Monſ. de Bougainville, in order to form a ſettlement; the principal ad-

vantages, however, likely to reſult from the undertaking, are ſome diſcoveries in natural hiſtory, which may afford entertainment to the public curioſity, though the tranſlation is by no means ſuch as we can mention in the ſtrongeſt terms of approbation.

Remarks on M. de V——'s new diſcoveries in natural hiſtory, in a late publication, intitled *Les ſingularites de la nature*. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinſon and Roberts.—A laudable attempt to maintain the ſcripture hiſtory of the general deluge, againſt the ſubtleties of ſophiſtry, and the charms of a lively imagination.

The life of Henry St John, lord viſcount Bolingbroke. 8vo. 1 s. 6 d. Davies.—We are at a loſs to conceive with what view the life of a character ſo perfectly known as lord Bolingbroke's is now preſented to the public; eſpecially one ſo wretchedly written as the preſent, which is almoſt a continued chain of palpable inaccuracies.

Diſcourſes on the parables of our bleſſed Saviour, and the miracles of the Holy Ghoſt, with occaſional illuſtrations. By Charles Bulkley. 4 vol. 8vo. 5 s. Horsfield.—This is one of the few articles, in which true piety, blended with ſterling good ſenſe, is powerfully calculated to promote the happineſs of mankind.

The generous huſband; or, the hiſtory of lord Lelius and the fair Emilia, containing likewiſe the genuine memoirs of Aſmodei, the pretended Piedmonteſe count, from the time of his birth, to his late ignominious fall in Hyde-park. 12mo. 2 s. 6 d. Wheble.——Licentiouſneſs in league with ſtupidity, attempting to paſs a late unhappy affair in high life, as a literary article of importance upon the credulity of the public.

The academy-keeper; or, variety of uſeful directions concerning the management of an academy; the terms, the diet, lodging, recreation, diſcipline, and inſtruction of young gentlemen, &c. 8vo, 1 s. Peat.—Such parents or guardians, as have either children or wards, for whoſe education they are intereſted, will lay out a ſhilling very uſefully in the purchaſe of this article; which points out the particular abuſes of modern academies in a forcible manner, and is no leſs replete with ſatire than information.

THE POLITICAL CLUB.

Paulus Priſcus *was immediately ſucceeded by* Horatius Cocles (*the Right Hon.* G. O——w), *who ſpoke thus.* [P. 279.]

Mr PRESIDENT,

IT is not ſo much to diſcuſs the motion before you that I riſe, as to do juſtice to a character that has been groſſly miſrepreſented. Were I diſpoſed to expatiate on the conduct of the judges in general, I believe I might be as eloquent in their defence, as the gentlemen who have taken the liberty of calling their integrity in queſtion, have been copious in their accuſation. At leaſt I am convinced, that, if I failed, it would not be through want of matter, but through want of ability. For I take them to be, for knowledge of the law, and for purity of intention, at leaſt equal to any ſet of judges that ever Weſtminſter-hall could boaſt at one time. And it is to this very circumſtance of their knowledge, joined to their inflexible virtue, that I attribute the clamour which has been raiſed againſt them. Had they meanly, had they infamouſly, crouched beneath the threats of the deluded mob; had they ignobly ſpread out their ſails to the falſacious breeze of popular favour, and ſuffered their bark to glide down the current of the multitude; in a word, had they wreſted the laws to favour the ringleaders of faction, and the promoters of ſedition, they would have been the greateſt of judges, and the firſt patriots of their country. No names, no honours, would have been adequate to their virtues. Each of them would have been a Coke, and a Holt, and a ſecond Daniel. The chancellorſhip would be too ſmall a reward for their reſpective merits. But ſince they have, like honeſt men, acted conſcientiouſly, and ſupported the laws, in oppoſition to the giddy violence and and licentious fury of the times; ſince they have exerciſed the wholſome ſeverities of juſtice upon the criminal idols of the rabble, no epithets are too hard for them. One is called the *ſupple Page*, another is termed the *corrupt Treſilian*, and a third is chriſtened the *bloody Jefferies*.

HISTORY.

NOV. 28.—to DEC. 5.

TURKEY IN ASIA.

Marſeilles, Nov. 8.

"LETTERS from Cairo of the 8th of September adviſe, that Ali Bey had laid an embargo on all the ſhips in Egypt; but, upon the repreſentations of the European conſuls, he mitigated that order, and permitted ſome ports to be opened. Theſe letters add, that Ali Bey continues to raiſe great numbers of troops, but with what view is not known."

Conſtantinople, Oct. 7. "Letters from Syria confirm the account of Oſman, the pacha of Damaſcus, having attacked, at the head of 10,000 men, the chiek Daher, who had but 5000 horſe, notwithſtanding which the latter gained a compleat victory; who, it is added, ſent a veſſel to Ali Bey, to inform him of his ſucceſs. Upon this news, an aſſembly of the grandees of the empire was held, in which it was reſolved to depoſe Oſman pacha, and to make Oglou Mehemet pacha his ſucceſſor."

RUSSIA.

Peterſburgh, Nov. 1. "The contagious diſtemper begins to abate at Moſcow, where not above ſix hundred people now die in a day; whereas ſome time ago the number of thoſe who daily fell victims to that terrible ſcourge amounted to upwards of a thouſand."

POLAND.

Warſaw, Nov. 4. "If the Almighty, by his providence, had not interfered, a gang of the moſt deſperate villains would have perpetrated an act which all true Poles would have read in their annals with horror and aſtoniſhment. Yeſterday evening about nine o'clock, as the king was returning in his coach to his palace, from the great chancellor's, prince Czartozinſki, his majeſty was ſuddenly attacked at the corner of the Capuchin-ſtreet, near the biſhop of Cracow's palace, by ſix confederates, headed by a captain of horſe, named Koczinſki, who had formerly been in the ſervice of prince Czartorinſki, but is now one of the confederates. His majeſty not being attended by his uſual eſcort of Uhlans, but only accompanied by ſome pages and ſervants, the aſſaſſins ſtopped the coach, and immediately diſcharged their carabines and piſtols, ſeveral of the balls going through the coach. Two Heyducks, who were behind the coach with flambeaux, immediately leapt down to defend it; one of whom was deſperately wounded, and ſoon after expired; the other received ſeveral wounds from a ſabre. An aid du camp, who was in the coach with the king, and a page, were wounded, and nothing belonging to his majeſty was found but his hat. This happened in one of the moſt inhabited parts of the town, ſo that the greateſt alarm was occaſioned among the people, who ran out on the firſt noiſe, and the troops of the crown and the Ruſſians, who were patrolling in all parts, came up, but could not trace the road the villains had taken. All that could be found was the king's bloody hat, which cauſed an univerſal fear for his majeſty's life. In the mean time, Koczinſki and his gang had joined twenty-five other confederates, who were poſted at the corner of a ſtreet waiting the event. As ſoon as they had dragged the king out of his coach, they took him between two horſemen, holding him by the hands, and drew him in that manner, by the arſenal over the Naliuze, out of the city beyond Bilano, a German mile and a half from Warſaw. They now found, by the ſhouts they heard, that the Ruſſians were in purſuit of them; whereupon Koczinſki, either through fear or remorſe of conſcience, deſired the captain of the horſe who commanded this deſperate party, to retire to ſome diſtance with the greateſt number of them, thinking that otherwiſe they could not fail to be ſoon diſcovered; which deſire the captain complied with, and left his majeſty in the hands of Koczinſki and four others; which four, however, Koczinſki preſently after contrived to get rid of, by ſending them to ſee how near the Ruſſians were come. He then threw himſelf at the king's feet, and implored pardon, with the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that he would carry his majeſty back ſafely to Warſaw. He produced a paper, in which he was bound with the others by the ſtrongeſt oaths (which tranſaction paſſed at Czenſtochan) to deliver the king, dead or alive, to the confederates. He received his majeſty's pardon, and then led the king out of the road amongſt the buſhes by Bilano. After they had tra-

velled an hour in the dark, and exceſſive bad roads, they arrived at a poor cottage, where his majeſty threw himſelf down, quite exhauſted, on a miſerable bed, and fell aſleep. From hence advice was ſent to general Cocceii, who came immediately with a party of horſe, and had the pleaſure to lodge his majeſty, about four in the morning, ſafe in the caſtle. His majeſty, beſides the imminent danger of his life, had every diſtreſs to combat with, and this aggravated by two wounds on his head, one by a ſabre, and the other by a piſtol-ball, which only grazed.—— As the alarm and conſternation had been very great, ſo it is not eaſy to expreſs the joy every one felt at knowing his majeſty was once again ſafe in the caſtle. A general thankſgiving was offered up to God for the preſervation of his majeſty's precious life, and *Te Deum* celebrated in all the churches, with the diſcharge of 100 cannon. The conſpirators had been in the city ſome days, having got in by means of ſome waggons laden with hay, but had not been able to find an opportunity of getting poſſeſſion of the king's perſon till the evening this execrable ſcheme was put in execution, as above related."

Warſaw, Nov. 4. "Some detachments of Pruſſian troops have entered Lithuania, Mazovia, and Great and Little Poland. A corps of the ſame troops hath alſo occupied Poſnania, abandoned by the Ruſſian garriſon, which is advancing towards Petrikau, in order to be ready to enter Little Póland, where the confederates are exerciſing great cruelties."

Dantzick, Nov. 9. "The convent of Oliva has already paid a contribution of 8000 ducats to the Pruſſians, which has totally ruined that convent."

GERMANY.

Vienna, Nov. 9. "Eleven millions of florins have been received here under an eſcorte from the low countries, which the bank has borrowed at two and a half per cent. We know not what occaſion it has for this loan, but it is believed ſome other operation is in agitation here, the object of which is to reduce the intereſt of money."

SWEDEN.

Stockholm, Nov. 5. "The ſtates have been twice aſſembled in Pleno this laſt week. In the firſt aſſembly there was a debate upon the inſtructions for the committee of expedition, which have lain ſo long upon the table in the houſe of nobles; and it was reſolved to make a repreſentation to the other orders, to engage them to alter that part of theſe inſtructions which relates to the immediate expedition of what has been reſolved by three orders, though the fourth has not declared its opinion.—In the ſecond there was a diviſion in the houſe of nobles, upon a report from the ſecret committee in favour of an addition demanded by the Queen dowager to her revenue; and it was carried to agree with the committee by 313 againſt 289. The majority were for putting it off till the eſtimate of all the expences of government was ſettled. This affair lies upon the table in the other orders.—— The ſame day it was reſolved by all the orders, that their ſpeakers ſhould go, the next day, to Dronningholm, to take leave of the Queen dowager, and to wiſh her majeſty a good journey and happy return, on the part of the ſtates."

SPAIN.

Madrid, Oct. 26. "The two provinces of Senora and Cinaloa in California, form what is now called New Andaluſia, a county very rich in gold and ſilver mines. The neighbouring countries are naturally cruel and ungovernable, and the frequent incurſions of theſe barbarians prevented the working of the rich mines there. Many attempts have been made to quell theſe people; but the ſmall number of troops in thoſe provinces, the difficulty of penetrating into the country, and the ferocity of the people, always triumphed over the efforts of the Spaniſh commanders. Nevertheleſs the king was very deſirous to reap the benefits of his treaſures in that country; in order to effect which, a plan was formed and approved of in the year 1767, for effectually quelling the Indians. This plan has been ſince ſo vigorouſly purſued, that this dangerous undertaking, which was heretofore judged to be impracticable, has been attended with ſo much ſucceſs, that all the Indians in the country have been ſubdued; which has had ſuch an effect upon the adjoining provinces, that many of them have voluntarily ſurrendered themſelves."

POSTSCRIPT *to* FOREIGN HISTORY.

Conſtantinople, Oct. 17. "According to advices from the Danube, it appears, that the operations of this campaign are at an end, and that the reſpective armies, diminiſhed and weakened by a contagious diſeaſe, will ſoon go into winter quarters."

Peterſburgh, Oct. 18. "According to the laſt advices from count Orlow at Moſcow, the mortality diminiſhes daily at that place, and the ſedition is intirely appeaſed. The empreſs has given orders to the ſenate to form a proceſs againſt the principal authors of the above diſorders, and ſeveral ſenators are preparing to ſet out for Moſcow to try them."

Warſaw, Nov. 9. "Several letters received here from the armies adviſe, that two actions have lately happened to the advantage of the Ruſſians; the one between Giurgewo and Bucharеſt, and the other in the environs of Krajowa.—His majeſty, thanks to heaven, finds himſelf pretty well ſince the horrible attempt againſt his ſacred perſon. The wound he received in the head with a ſabre, and which was the worſt, is not dangerous. All thoſe who have ſeen the king's coach and the cloaths he wore, on the day of that dreadful event, muſt agree, that the hand of the Almighty viſibly protected him.

"The Heyduck who loſt his life in making a courageous aſſiſtance to ſave that of the king, was interred the 6th inſtant in the church-yard of the Diſſidents with very great pomp, attended by above 1000 perſons, among whom were three knights of the king's orders. The mother of this faithful ſervant will be richly provided for as long as ſhe lives. The miller and his wife, to whoſe cottage the king retired that night, have received 100 ducats of his majeſty, who hath beſides ordered a new mill to be built for them at his expence, to be poſſeſſed by them and their deſcendants, without paying any duties or taxes. The aſſaſſins of the king had concealed themſelves in the convent of Dominicans of the Ville Neuve, and from that aſylum, which thoſe monks had afforded them, they watched the opportunity of executing their barbarous deſign."

Warſaw, Nov. 11. "Eight of the aſſaſſins who attempted the king's life, have already been taken and committed to priſon. Lukawſki and his wife are among the number. Koczinſki is ſtill treated with lenity; he anſwers interrogatories from morning to night. The king continues pretty well, but the ſecond Heyduck is very ill of his wounds. —We have this moment received advice, that the Ruſſians have at length made themſelves maſters of Tiniec.

Naples, Oct. 10. "David Iſland was always judged to be farther than it is from Callao. It is now aſcertained to be but 605 leagues from that port, and 680 leagues from Chili. The St Laurent man of war, and Roſalia frigate, ſailed from Callao the 10th of September 1770, and appeared off that iſland the 16th of October following. Their approach did not ſeem to inſpire the inhabitants with either fear or uneaſineſs. Their firſt principle is, that all men are brothers, and therefore there is no reaſon to be afraid of each other. Several of them jumped into the water and ſwam to meet the ſhips, offering fruits, poultry, &c. and even their cloaths, which are very ordinary, and ſeem to be formed of the herbs and fruits of the country. After viſiting David Iſland, the commandant took poſſeſſion of it in the name of the king of Spain, with all the military formalities that tend to command reſpect from his new ſubjects. A croſs was immediately erected to perpetuate the memory of that event, and the iſland was named St Charles.——David Iſland has ſcarce 1000 inhabitants: Their diſpoſition is perfectly mild, but their heighth and ſtrength renders them fit for the ſtrongeſt exerciſes. They are unacquainted with metals and riches, which people think they want; and conſequently arts are but little cultivated among them. They have no arms nor cutting inſtruments, and as they are ready to part with any thing they are poſſeſſed of, they as readily take any thing that gives them pleaſure. Men born in rude and ſavage climates, are naturally of a ferocious diſpoſition. A fertile ſoil which leaves nothing for the inhabitants to wiſh for, ſoftens their manners, and inclines them to humanity. This is without doubt the cauſe of the ſweet diſpoſition of the inhabitants of David Iſland. They have poultry in great plenty, and enjoy thoſe products of the earth which require little culture. They live in caves and grottos under ground, and worſhip ſtone ſtatues of a gigantic ſize."

Leghorn, Nov. 8. "I could not ſuffer the courier to depart, without the pleaſure of acquainting you, that his royal highneſs the duke of Glouceſter is ſo far recovered as to be able to bear the motion of the coach without affecting his breath, and to dine with his company as uſual. We leave this place the 12th inſt. for Piſa, where our ſtay may be about three weeks; it is then a doubt whether we make Florence in our way to Rome, or take it on our return."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, NOV. 23:——to 30.

A letter from Peterſburgh, dated October 22. ſays, "The deputies of the Tartars of the Crimea who arrived here ſome time ago, had, the day before yeſterday, a public audience of the empreſs, at which the grandees of the court and the foreign miniſters aſſiſted."

The attempt baſely made upon his Poliſh majeſty, with one or two of the like ſort which have happened within theſe few years, will probably render mona chs more careful in guarding their perſons.—Their moſt chriſtian and faithful majeſties will poſſibly receive a new memento in it; and if Britain's account of himſelf be true, it ought to ſerve as a leſſon to another illuſtrious monarch to take care that he be always properly attended.

Mount Hecla began to caſt out ſtones and cinders the 3d of June, but without doing any conſiderable damage.

The king of Spain has iſſued an ordinance againſt coiners of falſe money; another forbidding and annulling bequeſts made to religious perſons and houſes by the ſick on their death-beds; and a third, againſt all players at games of chance, which reſtricts the ſum to be played for at any lawful game, to a rial, or about two-pence half-penny.

It is ſaid that advice is actually received of the Spaniſh governor having refuſed the delivering up of Port Egmont to the Engliſh, for near three weeks; but that captain Scot having declared his intention of ſetting away for Jamaica, they had ſuffered the Engliſh garriſon to land.

They write from Cadiz, that ſome Dutch veſſels have lately landed there a large number of heavy cannon, and more are expected, to the amount of four hundred.

By a ſhip lately arrived at Malaga, a war is looked upon to be inevitable, and the Spaniards are aſtoniſhed at our incredulity. They have a large and reſpectable fleet, and are meditating ſome important enterpriſe. All ſhips from Spain confirm this account.

They write from Gibraltar, that two Spaniſh camps have lately been formed near that place.

We hear orders are given for all officers on furlough belonging to regiments in garriſon at Gibraltar and Minorca, to join their reſpective corps forthwith.

The captain of a Spaniſh veſſel, now in the river, is getting in his lading, being apprehenſive of a detainer from a ſudden and immediate rupture, which, from his knowledge of affairs at home, he affirms to be certain.

There was no leſs than thirty Spaniſh men of war in ſight, when the Hawke ſchooner was ordered to ſtrike by the two frigates off Carthagena; ſo that the more the matter is enquired into, the more excuſable we ſhall find the Britiſh lieutenant, though the more neceſſary we may think it to rouſe the ſpirit of our adminiſtration.

We are aſſured that the fortifications at Toulon, which were undertaken and begun by the celebrated Vauban, are ordered to be finiſhed with all expedition.

The French charge des affaires attended yeſterday at St James's during the time of the council's ſitting, and after it broke up had a long conference with his majeſty.

The Portugueſe ambaſſador waited on lord Rochford yeſterday morning, with an anſwer to the memorial that was ſent ſome time ago to the court of Liſbon concerning the recent infraction of treaties on the coaſt of Brazil.—This anſwer was obtained merely by the ſpirited remonſtrances of lord Rochford, who demanded a ſpeedy and ſatisfactory reply; in conſequence of which ſeveral conceſſions are made.—The departure of the Spaniſh ambaſſador is ſtill doubtful, as his excellency waits for the arrival of freſh orders from his court.

In a converſation which the earl of Rochford had ſome days ago with the prince de Maſſerano, wherein the ſecretary demanded explicit reaſons for the conduct of the Spaniards in the American ſeas, and of their movements in general, the haughty Spaniard arrogantly aſked his lordſhip, why he was not com-

miſſioned too to inquire how often his (the Spaniard's) maſter ſaid his prayers, or retired to his water-cloſet. The ſpirited anſwer of lord Rochford was, "Sir, your excellency may treat the buſineſs of the Engliſh miniſter as ludicrouſly as you pleaſe; but pray remember that the Engliſh gentleman demands another kind of carriage, and will enforce it on all occaſions." This determined repiy of the gentleman compelled a conceſſion, which no remonſtance of the miniſter had ever been able to effect.—The ſtory is now the talk at all the great tables.

Lord Sandwich declared at the laſt council which he attended, that he was reſolved to keep the navy in thorough repair, to be always ready for action at a few days warning; ſo that if inſults offered to Great Britain were not properly and immediately reſented, it would be no fault of his.

It is now poſitively ſaid, that lord Sandwich's perſeverance has brought over a great perſonage to aſſert the dignity of the crown of Great Britain to effect; and that the Spaniſh miniſter is *now* given to underſtand, that the miniſtry are *ſerious* in their requiſitions of ſatisfaction, either by fair means immediately, or by their "crying havock, and letting looſe the dogs of war," as Shakeſpeare finely expreſſes himſelf.

On Tueſday the captain of the Hawke ſchooner, lately inſulted by the Spaniards, waited on lord Sandwich at the admiralty, relative, as ſuppoſed, to that affair, and came away ſeemingly much dejected.

A letter from Jamaica to a gentleman in Liverpool, dated September 22. ſays, "On the 3d of this month, about eight in the morning, we had a ſevere ſhock of an earthquake, which laſted abont forty ſeconds, and the moſt dreadful that has been felt ſince the deſtruction of Port-Royal in 1692, but it happily did no other damage than throwing down ſeveral chimnies, and cracking the walls of ſome houſes; had it continued a ſhort time longer, all the inhabitants of this town muſt have inevitably periſhed under the ruins of their houſes; every perſon made the beſt of their way into the ſtreets, ſome running towards the wharfs, others towards the country. The rumbling noiſe of the earth, which worked like the waves of the ſea, the cracking of the buildings, with the fright and confuſion which appeared in the face of every individual, was thrrible th behold, each perſon ſeeking their own preſervation, diſregarding their neareſt friends. We have had ſeveral ſhocks ſince, but ſo ſmall, and of ſo ſhort duration, as to be over ſoon after perceived."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Port-Royal harbour, Jamaica, to his friend in the Iſle of Wight, dated Sept. 19.

"On the 2d inſt. about eight o'clock in the morning, we had a violent ſhock of an earthquake, which continued for ſome time: as I was writing in the captain's cabin, I ſuddenly found my chair was carried, with me, ſome diſtance from the table, and all things in the cabin were diſplaced; the water immediately aroſe, and appeared like a ſtrong current, which the moment before was perfectly ſtill, not a breeze of air ſtirring, and was quite a calm for ſome time after. Much damage was done aſhore. At Kingſton ſeven or eight houſes were thrown down, and many were much hurt."

A letter from Boſton, dated Oct. 26, ſays, "You would not know this province to be the ſame country you ſaw three years ago. There is throughout a ſpirit of concord and good neighbourhood, which renders my ſituation much more agreeable than it was. We now again adopt every Britiſh cuſtom and faſhion, and copy them ſo uniformly in their gallantries, that laſt week the wife of a gentleman, who has been two years in England, was delivered of a Mulatto, to the aſtoniſhment of her neighbours; and our wits will have it, that Mr Otis is to ſtand godfather."

A regulation is talked of in our military, that will be the means of rendering the common men, of whom our armies are chiefly compoſed, as uſeful members of the community in time of peace, as they are undeniably valuable in time of war.

It is beyond a queſtion certain, that lord Cambden has broke entirely with lord Chatham, from an utter impoſſibility of ſubmitting any longer to that nobleman's aſſumed airs of ſuperiority, ſo that oppoſition is now weakened in one of its principal quarters, and bids fair for annihilation before the meeting of parliament.

The determination of the great cauſe between Sir James Lowther and the duke of Portland is by no means final;

the duke has ſhewn the inſufficiency of Sir James's title, but has not proved the validity of his own.

The great diſpute between the duke of Portland and Sir James Lowther, is ſaid to have coſt one of the parties 125,000l.

The courts of Weſtminſter hall are at preſent in a ſtate of much ſurpriſe, from a permiſſion given in the common pleas for a new trial, in a caſe lately decided before lord Mansfield. The ground upon which a new trial was granted is an aſſertion (we know not how true) that his lordſhip miſdirected the jury, and it is thought the affair will be productive of very ſerious conſequences.

Six proceſſes have been begun at Doctor's Commons within this fortnight, by perſons of diſtinction againſt their wives, on the ſubject of evim. con. Theſe, with the others already inſtituted, make up the number thirty.

Her majeſty has ordered a benefaction out of her privy-purſe, of 500l. to be diſtributed amongſt the poor of Weſtminſter.

PRIZES drawn in the STATE LOTTERY, from 50l. and upwards.

No.	L.	No.	L.
21,334	10,000	30,432	2000
5,353	5000	1,466	1000
26,054	2000	21,577	1000

Prizes of 500 l.

9,844	11,761	6,211	19,142	36,300
45,864	22,909	4,147	17,248	20,978

Prizes of 100 l.

32,626	1,829	8,000	438	32,018
46,701	7,457	17,963	9,613	2,289
6,216	3,761	26,344	11,033	12,030

Prizes of 50 l.

8,008	28,800	47,472	37,561	24,190
6,146	37,679	21,660	27,297	46,401
23,915	46,094	18,702	41,392	21,431
37,850	37,085	11,681	13,955	13,720
43,915	41,781	19,460	19,893	3,375
29,124	48,969	44,619	43,409	24,937
24,864	42,733	41,844	48,125	34,576
4,504	26,275	39,613	49,111	43,787
34,446	32,788	31,688	21,360	20,842
36,057	12,117	7,323	4,231	

Laſt night ſome of the domeſtics of his royal highneſs the duke of Glouceſter arrived in town with part of his baggage, and bring an account that his highneſs would be in England ſome time next week; but was forced to travel ſhort ſtages, continuing yet very weak.

A letter on making a marmalade of carrots for the uſe of ſeamen in long voyages, as a preſervative from the ſcurvy, was lately communicated to the ſociety for the encouragement of arts, &c. from a foreign correſpondent, and a copy of the letter having been ſent to the lords commiſſioners of the admiralty, we are credibly informed their lordſhips, ever attentive to the preſervation of the health and lives of ſeamen, have directed a conſiderable quantity of the marmalade to be prepared, in order that proper and effectual trial of its utility may be made.

Dr Lucas's ſon, notwithſtanding what has been aſſerted to the contrary, is a candidate for his father's ſeat, by public advertiſement, and particularly promiſes that "*no human conſideration*" ſhall ever lead him to act in oppoſition to the ſmalleſt intimation he ſhall receive relative to the wiſhes of his conſtituents.

It is ſaid his majeſty had agreed to purchaſe Kew-bridge, for 20,000 l. of Mr Touſhall, who, being a minor, could not execute the deeds till of age, which would have been the enſuing Chriſtmas, but he died laſt midſummer; his brother, the next heir, is not above fifteen years of age; how unfortunate for the public, as it was intended, after the purchaſe, to have been a free bridge!

Yeſterday lord Polworth, ſon of the earl of Marchmont, lately arrived in town from his travels, was introduced to his majeſty at St James's.

Lord Baltimore, it is ſaid, has left one third of his fortune, amounting upon computation to 15,000 l. a-year, to Robert Morris, Eſq; late ſecretary to the bill of rights.

On account of the inundations which have lately happened at Newcaſtle, coals have advanced to 48 s. per chaldron. We hear that a ſubſcription will be ſet on foot for the poor unhappy ſufferers, amongſt the merchants of London.

The keeper of Newgate received on Thurſday private intelligence, that a plan was laid for the eſcape of the Jews now confined there, for the robbery and murder at Mrs Hutchins's at Chelſea, and thereupon gave particular orders to his ſervants to examine their irons very ſtrictly every night they locked them up, to ſee if they were all ſafe, and to ſearch them, to ſee if they had any inſtruments about them, for ſawing off their irons, and alſo to be careful what people they let in to ſee them.

Several principal Jew merchants have agreed to preſent a petition to his majeſ-

ty, relative to all vagrants, who, under the denomination of Jews, commit robberies and other outrages on the Chriſtians, of which the following are the heads, viz. That no Jew be for the future permitted to trade in this metropolis, who cannot bring ſufficient teſtimony of his honeſty, and depoſite a certain ſum as a ſecurity for the ſame: That every foreign Jew who ſhall come to England for the purpoſe of traffic, ſhall be obliged, under a ſevere penalty, not to depart the kingdom, without a ſpecial licence, and that, in diſobedience to this order, his goods ſhall be confiſcated: That all Jews who cannot render a good account of themſelves, be obliged to depart the kingdom immediately.

A gentleman, who arrived yeſterday from Reading, informs us, that Britain, who uſed to be indulged with a room in that jail, is now confined with the common felons heavy ironed; there are no leſs than ſeven indictments againſt him for forgery. He is now debarred the uſe of pen, ink, and paper.

On Saturday thirteen of the bags ſtolen lately out of the North mail, were brought to the general poſt-office. The letters in them had all been opened, and the notes and bills taken out: they were found by a man who was hedging in a ditch near the place where the robbery was committed, covered with water, ſo much defaced as to be ſcarcely intelligible.

Yeſterday Mr Eyre, lately convicted of ſtealing paper, received his majeſty's pardon, on condition of diſtributing two thouſand pounds to the different charities in this city.

There is now living at Stowe-market, in Suffolk, one John Tod, watchmaker, aged 107 years, who retains all his ſenſes in perfection, keeps ſeven journeymen conſtantly at work, and whoſe eye-ſight is ſo good, that he does all the finiſhing parts himſelf.

Extract of a letter from on board the Druid ſloop of war at Spithead, dated Nov. 25.

"Having fallen in with a veſſel on my paſſage home from Jamaica, which, from circumſtances, I have reaſon to believe was largely inſured, I therefore think it a duty incumbent on me, and every other officer, to make caſes of this kind known to the public.—In lat. 29. N. long. 95. W. ſeeing a veſſel lying diſmaſted about ſix miles to the leeward of me, expecting to find her in great diſtreſs, I bore down to her, ſent a boat on board, and found her to be a fine new brig, lumber laden, belonging to New London. She had been diſmaſted on the 10th of September, and, on the 23d, the maſter and crew quitted her, as appears by a writing with chalk againſt the bulk-head of the cabin, and ſigned by the maſter; for what reaſon they quitted her I cannot conceive, unleſs from her being deeply inſured; her hull being new, and in ſuch good condition, that there was not a drop of water in her at the time I fell in with her, which was five days after the maſter and crew had left her; and every thing being taken away except the cargo, gives me reaſon to ſuſpect ſomething not right at the bottom. I am, &c.

RICHARD PEARSON."

IRELAND.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, dated Nov. 17.

"Laſt night the houſe of commons divided, after a long debate, on a motion made by the patriots, *That the ſeven commiſſioners of the* Revenue *of this kingdom had been always found ſufficient for the conducting and managing the ſaid revenue.* This was violently oppoſed by the court, as to ſecure a corrupt majority, they had promiſed they ſhould be increaſed to twelve commiſſioners of exciſe and cuſtoms, to be divided into two boards, which in its conſequence muſt entail an expence on the country of fifty or ſixty thouſand pounds in the two years. On the diviſion it was carried for the motion by 149 againſt 83; ſo the court was beat by a majority of 46, which has thrown lord Townſhend and his adviſers into deſpair; indeed this country will not bear to be inſulted any longer. The ſpeakers on the occaſion were:

"For the queſtion, Mr Anthony Malone, Mr Flood, Mr Huſſey, Sir William Mayne, Mr Fitz Gibbone, Sir Lucius Obrien, Sir James Cotter, colonel Cunninghame, Mr Brownlow, Mr Longfield, Mr Barry Maxwell, and many others.

"Againſt the queſtion, the attorney-general, the prime ſerjeant, the ſolicitor-general, and a few others."

A letter from Ireland adviſes, that when the houſe of commons of that kingdom waited on the lord lieutenant with their reſolution, viz. "That ſeven commiſſioners have been ſufficient for the collection of the revenue," he ſaid,

"Gentelmen, I think it my duty to 'inform his majeſty of the ſenſe of the 'houſe of commons, expreſſed in this 'reſolution; and I think it incumbent 'upon me, upon this occaſion, to ac-'quaint you, that I have received his 'majeſty's letters for appointing certain 'commiſſioners therein mentioned, to 'the number of five, to be commiſſioners 'of exciſe; and certain other perſons, 'to the number of ſeven, to be com-'miſſioners of cuſtoms, purſuant to the 'ſeveral acts of parliament in this king-'dom."

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 5.

Extract of a letter from York, Nov. 26.

"The flood in the river Wear was nearly as violent as in the Tyne; the water at Durham was full eight feet higher than ever was known before; two houſes, with all the furniture, were ſwept away; the new bridge, and one of the Abby mills, ſhared the ſame fate; ſome other houſes fell down, and many are greatly damaged; ſeveral horſes and cows were drowned in the ſtables, byers, &c.; two of Mr Carr's ſervants, of Cocken, periſhed in croſſing the river at Cocken-ford. The back buildings, gar-den-walls, &c. near the river, afford the moſt ruinous proſpect. Froſterly, Wol-ſingham and Witton bridges are all gone. —By the rapidity of the current in the Wear, about 200 keels, loaden and light, broke adrift, and many of them were carried to ſea; 26 of them were ſtopped at the mouth of the harbour by a ſtrong eaſterly wind. Several ſhips at Sunder-land drove from their anchors, and, by running againſt each other, broke down their maſts, bowſprits, cabin windows, and quarters; four or five of them were driven to ſea, and are totally loſt; eight or nine dead bodies came aſhore that morning in the harbour.

"Another account ſays, thirty-four ſhips were wrecked on Sunderland-bar, and on the North and South Sand; that many men and boys were drowned; that a part of the pier was broke down by the force of the water, and another part damaged by the ſhips which drove againſt it; that three collieries are filled with water, one engine intirely ruined, and others much damaged; and that, out of 700 keels belonging to the river Wear, not 100 are found in a ſtate of ſafety."

Extract of a letter from Newcaſtle, Nov. 30.

"In the fatal night of the 16th, after the water had got into the dwelling-houſe of the boatman at Ovingham, the family, being ten in number, retired to the upper chamber, and continued there till it was two feet deep. They then broke through the wall into the ſtable that was built at the eaſt-end of the dwelling-houſe, thinking it a place of greater ſafety, both by its ſtrength and ſituation, made themſelves a temporary place to ſit on, by putting a deal and a ladder betwixt the two binding balks, and there remained till one o'clock in morning; at which time, perceiving the dwelling-houſe gone, and the ſtable be-ginning to yield to the impetuoſity of the flood, three men broke out upon the top of the houſe; and the boatman, his wife, mother, two children, man ſervant and maid-ſervant, remained as before; when, in an inſtant, the houſe fell, and they were all ſwept away by the torrent, and carried down along with the thatch of the houſe, &c. for the ſpace of 257 yards, into a wood, where the boatman, his brother and maid, got upon trees, and continued in that ſituation ten hours before they could be relieved; and the maid died ſoon after ſhe was got to land. The unhappy huſband, when he ſeized the tree with one hand, catched his wife with the other; and, after holding her two or three minutes, ſhe was wreſted from him in 15 feet depth of water, and in the midſt of a rapid current. The wretched huſband and his brother are the only ſurvivors: and, what is moſt affecting, he is bereft at once of an indul-gent mother, an affectionate wife, and two tender babes."

Laſt week, ſeveral leaders of coals on this ſide Tyne, took occaſion, from the deſtruction of the bridge, to advance the price of coals from 4s. to 7s. a load, which was immediately ſtopped by the owners of Throckley-fell colliery, who diſtributed hand-bills, informing the public, that they might be ſerved from the colliery and the Skinners-burn at the former prices; and that thoſe who ſhould preſume to advance the price ſhould be for ever precluded having any more from either which had the deſired effect.

On Friday morning, two more of the houſes on the weſt ſide of the ſouth end of the bridge of Newcaſtle fell down.

We hear from Yarm, that the rev. Mr Bramwell, rector of Harworth on Tees, being apprehenſive of the riſe of that river from the great rain, and finding it increaſing very ſuddenly, ſent an expreſs to that town to inform them of their danger, which the perſon happily reached, at the riſk of his life, in time to ſave numbers of people, who muſt otherways have periſhed, as the water came ſo ſuddenly, and in ſuch an immenſe body upon the place. When the water abated, the town in general was reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs for want of every neceſſary, with which they were amply and generouſly ſupplied through the munificence of Mr Robinſon of Stockton, who ſent every day after the cataſtrophe ſeveral cart-loads of bread, firkins of butter, and many hundred buſhels of coals; and Thomas Piercy of Bierſbridge, Eſq; ſent alſo ſeveral of his carriages, with various proviſions. The rev. Dr Vane, Mr Dunkels, Mr Tempeſt, and the rev. Mr Bramwell, were alſo very generous in their donations, to the great comfort and relief of the poor.

They write from Carliſle, that the breaking of Solway-moſs is looked on as the greateſt incident that ever happened in that country: the quantity of arable land covered by it, belonging to the rev. Mr Graham of Netherby, is ſaid to be near 600 acres, and, in different places, lies from two to twenty yards deep of intire moſs; ſo that a perſon who had not known that country before, would have taken it for a moſs ſince the creation. There are about thirty of what they call villages, conſiſting of four or five houſes together, deſtroyed: happily no perſon was loſt; but great numbers of cattle and ſheep were ſuffocated. It began to move on Saturday night, and continued in motion till Wedneſday. Great numbers of people are daily flocking from all parts of the country to ſee this ſurpriſing phænomenon.---Another account ſays, that it is greatly feared that one family is buried in the moſs, not being ſince heard of; and that it ſtill continued moving. The rent of the lands already deſtroyed is about 1000l. *per annum*; and, what is remarkable, there is no running water near it.

We have an inſtance of a ſimilar accident, above the river Bande, which falls into the Tees near Cudderſton, in the county of Durham. It happened in the year 1689, about midſummer---when an eruption of water broke out on the moſſes; and the earth which was broken thereby, was computed to be about 160 yards long, and in ſome places three, in others four-ſcore yards broad, and about ſix or ſeven deep. Which great quantity of earth, being moſt of it carried down by the flood of water into a neighbouring brook, and ſo into the river Bander, did great damage, by overflowing the meadows, and leaving behind it vaſt quantities of mud, which the inhabitants were forced to dig up, and caſt into the river, leſt it ſhould ſpoil the ground. It poiſoned all the fiſh, not only in the ſaid brook and the Bander, but alſo in the Tees for many miles.

On Thurſday ſe'en-night, the right hon. lord Ravenſworth, out of his great humanity, ſent 100 guineas to the rector and church-wardens of Gateſhead, Newcaſtle; as did Henry Elliſon, Eſq; 50l. to be diſtributed among the poor ſufferers there from the late calamity. Which worthy example encouraged the rector, &c. to make a collection from houſe to houſe throughout that pariſh, which has already produced upwards of 400l.

We hear from Durham, that a collection is alſo ſet on foot for the poor ſufferers in that city, by the rev Mr Hays, vicar of Elvet; Richard Shuttleworth, Eſq; Mr Lowther, and Mr Dunn, who collect from houſe to houſe; and to which the honourable and reverend the dean has given 50l. and is attended with great ſucceſs.

On Monday ſe'en-night, while Peter Dunlop was at work in Watchill coal-work, in the pariſh of Old-Kilpatrick, a large ſtone fell down upon him, and unfortunately killed him on the ſpot.

Some days ago, the houſe of Robert Proven in Meikle-Govan was broke into, and the rogues carried off ſome money, beſides men and women's cloaths, to a conſiderable amount.

We are ſorry to add to the accounts of the late floods at Newcaſtle, that a brig belonging to Aberdeen, capt. Hume, was loſt at that time at Sunderland, and one of the hands periſhed.

On Friday afternoon, the Charles, Youll, from Peterſburgh, came into the bay of Aberdeen, when a boat was immediately ordered out to inform the captain of the quarantine laid on all the veſſels coming from that quarter; on which ſhe went to the northward, as ſuppoſed to Cromarty-bay.

Laſt week the univerſity of King's College, Aberdeen, conferred the degree of doctor in phyſic upon Mr John Milne ſurgeon in Cullen.

The preſbytery of Edinburgh, at their annual meeting on Wedneſday ſe'ennight, appointed next day for the moderation of a call to ſupply the vacancy of one of the miniſters in this city, in room of the late Dr Wallace; and Thurſday, the right hon. the Lord Provoſt, magiſtrates, and town-council, together with the miniſters and elders, met in the New-church Iſle, when the rev. Dr James Macnight, miniſter of Jedburgh, was choſen by a majority of fifteen votes; the other candidate was the rev. Dr Blinſhall of Dundee.

Saturday laſt, being St Andrew's day, the antient and honourable ſociety of Free and Accepted MASONS in the city and neighbourhood, with repreſentatives from a number of lodges ſituated at a diſtance, aſſembled in the Parliament-houſe about four o'clock afternoon, in order to chuſe their Grand Maſter, and preſiding officers for the year enſuing; when the right hon. PATRICK Earl of Dumfries (formerly Grand Maſter Elect, Vol. x. P. 317.) was choſen Grand Maſter; the hon. col. Napier, Depute Grand Maſter; Dr Cairney, Subſtitute Grand Maſter; Andrew Balfour, Eſq; and William Barclay, Eſq; Grand Wardens; James Hunter, Eſq; Grand Treaſurer; Alexander M'Dougal, Eſq; Grand Secretary; and Mr John Macleur, Grand Chaplain.—After the election, they walked in proceſſion to the Aſſembly-hall, which was elegantly fitted up for their reception, where a ſplendid entertainment was preſented, and the evening concluded with the greateſt regularity and harmony, ſuitable to the invariable principles of the fraternity.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Thurſday, the Provock'd Huſband, with the Lying Valet.

Monday, the Provock'd Huſband, with Miſs in her Teens.

Wedneſday, the Orphan, with Lethe.

MARRIAGE.

Nov. 29. At Edinburgh, John Sinclair of Freſwick, Eſq; to Miſs Moray of Abercairny.

BIRTH.

Nov. 11. At Fredericksfelde, the princeſs Ferdinand of Pruſſia, of a prince.

DEATHS.

—. At Fougerolles in France, one Stephen Paris, aged 110. He retained all his ſenſes, except that of hearing, to the laſt. He enjoyed an uninterrupted courſe of health, and was ſingularly gay and chearful.

Nov. 25. At Bath, the right hon. the earl of Weſtmoreland.

26. At his houſe in Fife, James Lundy of Auchtermairny, Eſq;

27. At Kippenroſs, Perthſhire, John Pearſon of Kippenroſs, Eſq;

28. At his ſeat in Hampſhire, the moſt noble and puiſſant prince, Henry Bridges duke of Chandos, marquis and earl of Carnarvan, viſcount Wilton, and baron Chandos of Sudley, knight of the bath. His grace is ſucceeded in his honours and eſtates by his only ſon James marquis of Carnarvan.

—. At Glaſgow, Mr John Jamieſon, an eminent merchant, and late one of the bailies of that city.

29. At Aberdeen, in the 77th year of his age, James Gordon of Cocklarachy, Eſq;

30. At his houſe in Fife, in the 87th year of his age, William Wardlaw, ſen. of Abden, Eſq;

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Macdoual, widow of the late lord Bankton.

1. At his ſeat of Forglen in Banffſhire, the right hon. Alexander lord Banff. He is ſucceeded in honours and eſtate by his eldeſt ſon William, now lord Banff.

SHIPPING.

ARRIVED. At Leith, the Francis and Mary of Chicheſter, Brook, from Southampton, with oak and bark; the Diana of Leith, Ritchie, and the King George of ditto, Marſhall, both from London, with merchant goods; the Lark of Stockton, Earlſome, from ditto, with cheeſe; and the Fiſher and Friendſhip of Leith, Foſter, from Fevertham, with apples and oak-bark.

SAILED, the Peggie of Leith, Foſter, for Hamburgh, with rice; the Colvill of Torrie, Sloas, for Hamburgh, with ditto; and the Thiſtle of Leith, Liſton, for Rotterdam, with coals and wheat.

PRICES *of* GRAIN *at* HADDINGTON, Nov. 29.

	First.		Sec.		Third	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat	20	0	19	0	18	6
Bear	16	0	15	0	14	2
Oats	14	0	12	6	10	0
Peaſe	14	0	12	0	11	8